Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

AUGUST, 1918

"CONSTRUCTIVE CRITICISM"

"To attain ideals, you must at times smash idols."—NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

BY THE EDITOR

WE have never yet known a public official who did not profess to welcome honest criticism and we cannot recall one who did not resent it when applied to his own activities. Formerly objection was made commonly to its presumed "injustice and unfairness," but of late it has fallen under the ban of those most directly concerned as lacking in suggestion which might point the way to improvement. To be acceptable nowadays, particularly to those members of our present Administration who are unduly sensitive or admittedly incompetent, or both, criticism must be not only "just and fair," but "constructive, not destructive," they themselves, of course, being vested with the right of discriminative judgment.

Perhaps we should add immediately that we have not our Chief Magistrate in mind in this connection. Long ago he declared plainly that he could "imagine no greater disservice" than "to deny to the people of a free republic like our own" their indisputable prerogatives, and he added that "while exercising the great powers of the office I hold, I would regret in the crisis like the one through which we are now passing to lose the benefit of patriotic and intelligent criticism." So far as we have been able to judge from afar, although with sight as yet undimmed, he has maintained this attitude with a steadiness, even a serenity, which must be remarked as truly noteworthy,—a circumstance, we are bound to say, as fortunate for the country as it obviously is

Copyright, 1918, by NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW CORPORATION. All Rights Reserved.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

creditable to the individual, since never before perhaps in our history has a true perspective been so highly desirable as an attribute of a Chief Executive.

It is not, then, the President, but his underlings, or such of them as feel that, because they breathe what they have come to regard as the atmosphere of sacrosanctitude, they, too, can do no wrong, to whom we would make reference, designed to be at least helpful and even stimulating to their respective spirits. Inevitably the most glowing example of inept smartness to occur to one's mind is afforded by Mr. George Creel because, not only of the many ridiculous statements which have dropped from his careless tongue like unripe peas from an overcharged pod, but also because his was the first grave offense. It is not his famous "elaboration" of the report of Admiral Gleaves a year or more ago, reprehensible and shocking though it was, that now concerns us; it is the attitude which he promptly and indignantly assumed respecting what he had done. It will be recalled that, immediately upon the publication of Mr. Creel's fabrication, the Associated Press in Washington received a message from one of its correspondents in England giving as the official view at the base of the United States flotilla that no such remarkable happening as he had depicted had taken place. The Associated Press meekly withdrew the dispatch by request of the Navy Department, but too late to prevent its publication in a number of newspapers. Whereupon Mr. Creel, while forced to admit that he had "elaborated" the Admiral's report, which, incidentally has not been printed to this day, violently denounced the correspondent for telling the truth. We quote from the *World* of July 6, 1917:

"I am going over to the Navy Department and advise Secretary Daniels to pay no attention whatever to these nasty reports from this unpatriotic man," Mr. Creel said with much warmth. "Nothing that has happened since the war began has aroused the patriotism of the American people as much as this Fourth of July announcement," he continued, in referring to the version of the submarine attack written by himself. "If everything that this country does during the war is to be subjected to attack by nasty newspapers we might as well begin right here to put an end to the discussion by paying no attention to them."

"Why not confound the author of this report by printing the text of the official announcement from Admiral Gleaves?" Mr. Creel was asked.

"The nasty papers would even try to discredit that if we were to publish it," said Mr. Creel, his warmth waxing. "If we begin to pub-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

lish official reports the Germans would know just where the attack was made and repulsed and then they would know where the transports rendezvoused."

Passing as mere evidence of immaturity and cranial enlargement the diverting appellation applied to American public journals, we find that Mr. Creel's justification of his conduct rested upon two grounds,—first, that he was warranted in deceiving the people for the purpose of arousing their patriotism and, secondly, that the publication of the facts might give to the enemy information of which necessarily they were already in possession. "If everything that this country does during the war is to be attacked," has now the familiar ring of many subsequent utterances, which have served to cloak doubtful practices, but it was novel at the time and may rightfully be regarded as the original declaration of a policy which has since undergone somewhat drastic treatment and seems now to be in a fair way to a complete cure if the inherent tendency of the head of the War Department can finally be overcome.

That Mr. Creel should have referred to himself as "the country" can hardly be regarded as a mere inadvertence, in the light of his later matured assumptions of the position of "the Government," but the error has since become so common on the part of some of his nominal superiors that its significance long ago ceased to be unique or even peculiar. How far or in what direction Mr. Creel's energetic ego might have projected the country, the Government and himself if he had not overstepped all bounds by speaking of the halls of legislation as slums we shall never know; suffice it for the nonce to say that when he appeared before the Congress and quoted quite pathetically, although in less euphonious phrase—

> "Don't view me with a critic's eye,
> But pass my imperfections by;
> Large streams from little fountains flow,
> Tall oaks from little acorns grow,"—

all was forgiven and he was put upon an allowance of $1,600,000 a year, greatly, we suspect, to the relief of the President, who hitherto had been obliged to provide, from his own special fund, food and clothing and movie tickets to Mr. Creel and his whole tribe. We may, we think, safely leave Mr. Creel, for at least a week, to thank God that his master has never been fully prepared at a psychological

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

moment to administer the punishment which he has so richly deserved.

As an exemplar, however, we must hold Mr. Creel to a strict accountability. But for the success, by way of personal advertisement, of his adventure into the field of fiction in translating official reports, it is most improbable that the Secretary of War would have imposed upon constructive critics the burden of re-establishing honesty as an admirable public policy. There is, too, little doubt that it is to Mr. Creel's original and nimble mind that Mr. Baker is indebted for his own sense of immunity to disapprobation, not merely of his official activities, but also of the conduct of allied public journals. As an illustration of the generous amplitude of his views in this connection, we may cite his comment upon the involuntary resignation of Dr. James A. B. Scherer, President of the Throop College of Technology and Chief Field Agent of the Council of National Defense. It will be recalled that Dr. Scherer became dissatisfied long ago with the attitude of the newspapers controlled by Mr. William Randolph Hearst toward the war and was accustomed to express his convictions with notable frankness and exceptional vigor. The circumstances which induced him to resign from the Council of National Defense were set forth by Dr. Scherer himself in a comprehensive letter to Mr. Baker in which he said he had received a visit from Mr. F. W. Kellogg of the San Francisco *Call,* who urged him to desist from attacking Mr. Hearst because, at the solicitation of " a member of the Cabinet," Mr. Hearst had become " good "; that " since the Hearst papers now support the Administration, they are therefore wholly loyal to our cause," and " that Roosevelt should be condemned rather than Hearst, seeing that the latter supports the Administration while the former frequently criticizes it." Dr. Scherer concluded as follows:

> The next day I was officially informed that Mr. Kellogg had called at the War Office, and that when the Administration has decided on a policy everybody connected therewith must abide by it. What this policy is I already knew. For I am not the only offender. Another representative of the council at these recent war conferences has been complained of in a telegram from a Hearst agent for speaking (far less frequently and more mildly than I have done) in warning the people against the Hearst influence, and I had seen your memorandum, Mr. Secretary, attached to this telegram, instructing speakers that hereafter they must not indulge in discriminatory remarks as to the relative values of newspapers. This was officially sent to me, with the request

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to "note and return." The language is diplomatic, but there can be no doubt as to its meaning.

Mr. Hearst now seeks to creep under the skirts of the Administration when an individual assails his newspapers for disloyalty, not to the "Administration," indeed, but to the Government itself as involved in the greatest war in our history; and, apparently, the skirt is uplifted to receive him. I resign, and so retain my freedom of speech and my right to keep the oath I took on entering the council—to give absolute allegiance to the Government, and to protect and defend it against all of its enemies, domestice and foreign.

Mr. Baker promptly issued this rejoinder:

Someone, I believe a representative of one of the Hearst papers, had told me that a representative of the Council of National Defense was making addresses and spending a lot of his time criticizing in harsh terms the Hearst newspapers. I told Mr. Gifford (Director of the Defense Council) that I thought nobody who was officially representing the Government ought to be criticizing any newspapers, I don't care whether it is Hearst's paper or anybody else's, and that while I hadn't the slightest desire to prevent any man expressing his individual opinion upon any newspaper, I didn't think that any man as a representative of the Government ought to be criticizing any newspaper.

Whether Mr. Baker would have taken this position if the newspapers concerned had been "disloyal to the Administration but not to the Government itself" instead of the reverse, according to Dr. Scherer's view, must remain a matter of speculation. The odd distinction drawn by Mr. Kellogg, who conducted the negotiations between the Administration and Mr. Hearst, between Mr. Hearst and Mr. Roosevelt would seem, however, to afford an indication. The *World* clearly had such an one in mind when, on November 23, 1917, replying to the *Evening Post*, after decrying "many foolish things" done by Lord Northcliffe and Mr. Roosevelt, it said:

But nobody can question their patriotism. Nobody can doubt their ardent sympathy with the cause of the Allies and their whole-hearted devotion to the cause for which the Allies are fighting. Whatever they do, they are not working for the Kaiser. If the *Evening Post* can see no difference between criticism that is loyal in spirit and criticism that is flagrantly disloyal in spirit, it needs an intellectual guardian.

If any differences upon this point still exist between the Administration and its chief newspaper sponsor prior to the acquirement of goodness by Mr. Hearst, we trust that they may be speedily reconciled, conformably to custom, through the kind offices of Mr. Bayard Swope.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The only further point worthy of slight passing notice is that, simultaneously with his insistence that no "representative of the Government ought to be criticizing any newspaper," Mr. Baker himself was writing to Representative Shallenberger of our own humble *War Weekly:*

> I have read with deep appreciation and pleasure your helpful part in the debate on the Army bill. The country will be stirred by the fine absence of partisanship and by the significant facts which you cited, and I am of course doubly grateful at your willingness to defend me against the strange and malignant attack of Mr. Harvey.
>
> It matters some to me personally, but my chief thought is that the truth will give the people of the country confidence in the Army, and in that way Mr. Harvey will be prevented from helping our country's enemies by his extraordinary and depressing lack of information.

To what extent the country has been "stirred by the fine absence of partisanship" in the harangue of a pacifist Democrat, seeking to curry favor with the Administration, we are not informed; all we really know is that, since we proved conclusively in the aforementioned journal that the most "significant fact" adduced in defense of Mr. Baker was an unqualified falsehood, Mr. Shallenberger has maintained a highly becoming reticence. That Mr. Baker should regard an attack from this source upon himself as "strange" is not surprising; in his haste he errs; none has ever been made; it is not he but what he has done occasionally, or failed to do usually, that has evoked our chiding from time to time. Nor do we resent in the slightest degree the term "malignant" as one of approbrium. We realize that Mr. Baker speaks with the exactitude of a scholar and the erudition of a lawyer. If he makes his derivation from the use of *malignantes* in the Vulgate, he has the authority of Swift for classifying us with the Church of England, but we regard it as more likely that he followed the Latin and unconsciously heeded the definition implied by Dr. Argyll in his *Reign of Law,* to wit:

> The loving may become malignant; the simple-minded may become suspicious.

We find either classification quite acceptable, although in the circumstances and making due note of the contrast, the latter seems more apt and is probably the one intended.

That Mr. Baker should confuse himself with the Army is but natural; as we have already hinted, it was the logical and probably irresistible effect of the example of Mr. Creel

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in holding himself to be both government and country. Our readers need not be informed that, instead of "attacking the Army," we have persistently demanded from Mr. Baker justice and consideration for our gallant soldiers.

What we have really deplored more than anything else is the very "extraordinary and depressing lack of information" to which Mr. Baker *naïvely* refers,—to the withholding by an Administration pledged to publicity of full news and the whole truth. As Mr. Wilson (Mr. McLandburgh Wilson) says in *Life:*

Give us the news, whatsoever may happen,
Glorious triumph or gloom of defeat;
Dare not, presume not with heartstrings to meddle,
Thinking to temper the tension and beat.
Give us the news!

Give us the news of the boys who have left us;
Hold not the worst from the gaze of our eyes.
Think you that we who have sired them that battle
Lack for the strength from disaster to rise?
Give us the news!

Give us the news of our fighters, our children;
Tell us the whole, nor from sorrow refrain.
Think you that we who have borne them that suffer
Know not the way to be valiant in pain?
Give us the news!

Give us the news whatsoever may happen,
Victory joyful or loss in the fray;
Keep not the cup the Almighty has poured us.
God is the censor—stand out of the way.
Give us the news!

It took our friends in England a long time to realize this great need of a democracy at war. As Mr. Asquith said in a public speech the other day:

What, then, is our duty at the present moment? What are the faculties that we most need? Courage, of course, and patience—the courage that can face facts and can not only dare but endure; patience that cannot be driven from its equipoise by any alternations either of hope or of fear. These are, to quote Burke's epithet, "the inbred qualities of our race." But let me suggest one or two ways in which they may be helped and fortified. In the first place, let us be able to feel, whatever comes or goes, that we know the truth and the whole truth. (Cheers.) No one realizes more clearly than I do, who was answerable for the country at the beginning of the war, and for nearly

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

two and a half years for the conduct of the war, no one can realize more clearly the delicacy of the task of determining what at any given moment ought to be disclosed and what ought to be kept back. But in my judgment we have reached a stage of the war when far more is to be gained than is to be lost by laying before our own people all the actualities, be they favorable or adverse, of an unexampled situation. (Loud cheers.) The British people, not only here at home but throughout the length and breadth of the Empire, are ready to face, not only with a clean conscience but with clear eyes and with cool nerves, any and every conjuncture of circumstances.

There is no reason, there never was less reason, why the voice of honest and patriotic criticism should be hushed into silence, but let us keep our eyes fixed and our hearts set on the great dominating purposes to which we have deliberately consecrated the resources and the energies of the Empire, with an unwavering faith both in the worthiness of our aims and in the certainty that they will be achieved. (Cheers.)

There speaks the voice of experience. We commend it to the earnest consideration of those in direct authority, along with Buckle's famous saying that "the great enemy of knowledge"—and of successful warfare—"is not error, but inertness. All that we want is discussion, and then we are sure to do well, no matter what our blunders may be. One error conflicts with another; each destroys its opponent, and truth is evolved."

Truth! truth! the whole truth! That is what we have not had. That is what we must have. That is what we are going to have,—let the chips from the axe of criticism, constructive or destructive, fall where they may, with full appreciation of the pertinence of the quoted adage that—

"To attain ideals, you must at times smash idols."

ALLIES IN REAL ALLIANCE

THERE is yet need of a more perfect union among the Allies, particularly between America and the others. By this we do not mean that monstrous bugaboo of petty parochialism, "entangling alliances." There may be no need of written treaties and technical engagements which might at some time prove embarrassing. But there is an urgent need of a much closer union between this country and its Allies in the three fundamental and essential respects of Information, Conference, and Co-operation.

There is need, first of all, of a comprehensive, intelligent and judicious American propaganda, among both the allied

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and the neutral nations, which shall assure them adequate popular information of our purposes and proceedings. This need has been too much overlooked here, because there is so much less need of any such propaganda of our Allies among us. We have too much ignored the great contrast between America and European countries in the matter of popular knowledge of foreign affairs. Through our own sources of information we have a pretty adequate knowledge of the state of affairs among the people of our Allies. We know their condition, their purposes, their actual doings. Yet despite the completeness of our information, their Governments have gone to the trouble of adding thereto an informative propaganda immeasurably in excess of all that we have advanced to them.

On the other hand, there has been and still is a most deplorable and mischievous lack of correct information in Europe concerning America. A single example will suffice to indicate it. Last fall one of the chief causes of the dreadful Italian debacle between the Isonzo and the Piave was the misinformation concerning America which was disseminated among the Italian troops and populace by hostile German propagandists. The Italians were told that no help in the war could be expected from America; that while this country might help France and England, it would do nothing for Italy; that Italians in America were being oppressed and enslaved, and were being drafted into the army to fight in France and Flanders to the neglect of Italy; and other falsehoods still more preposterous. It may seem extraordinary to us that these things were believed, and that the Italian Government did not or could not effectively contradict and counteract them; though it would seem less remarkable if we took into account the difference between Italian conditions and our own. The fact is that they were believed, and that they had the mischievous effect which their authors intended.

Indeed, preposterous as they seem to us, those falsehoods appeared quite plausible to those to whom they were addressed. No American troops were being sent to Italy, and there was no talk of any being sent thither; nor were troops from any other of the Allied nations landed on Italian shores. Moreover, we were making no effort to inform the Italians of our purposes, but were leaving them to suffer, in their lack of information, from whatever insidious and mendacious attacks the Hunnish propagandists might make upon them.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In such circumstances it was not so strange that they were deluded and seduced as it would have been had such not been the case. It is not too much to say that if the Italian people and the Italian army had known the truth concerning America, that disastrous retreat from the Isonzo to the Piave would never have occurred.

A prime need is, then, an efficient American propaganda of information in every country that we can reach and enter with it. That need is immeasurably greater than the need of domestic propaganda. It is doubtless well to have a Bureau of Publicity, though it would be far better to have it directed by someone who was not an egregious and grotesque misfit. But if half the effort and expense which Mr. Creel wastes here in utterly unnecessary work, and in work which our own newspaper press would be glad and eager to do far more efficiently than he can if only it were permitted to do so,—if that, we say, were spent abroad in properly directed propaganda among the Allied and neutral nations, immeasurably more valuable results would be obtained.

The second great need is that of more intimate and authoritative Conference. There is a Supreme Allied War Council, which meets at intervals in Paris. It held its seventh session, for example, on July 5. France was represented by Clemenceau, the Prime Minister; by Pichon, the Foreign Minister; and by General Foch, the Generalissimo. Great Britain was represented by Mr. Lloyd George, the Prime Minister; by Mr. Balfour, the Foreign Secretary; by Lord Milner, the Secretary for War; by Sir Douglas Haig, Field Marshal; and by Sir Henry Wilson, Major General. And the United States was represented by General John J. Pershing and probably General Bliss.

Now we insist that that was not adequate American representation. In saying that there is no reflection upon General Pershing. It is no disrespect nor depreciation of him to say that he is a soldier, pure and simple. He has had no experience in statesmanship or diplomacy, and he is invested with no authority in such matters. We have the fullest confidence in his ability to deal with any purely military matters that come before the Council. But there are other matters, diplomatic, political, financial, and what not.

Suppose, for example, the question of intervention in Russia to come before the Council—as it should have come long ago, for definitive decision and action. General

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Pershing would be amply competent to discuss its military aspects. But still more important are its diplomatic, political and economic aspects; which are, as we have been assured, those most seriously regarded at Washington. The French, British and Italian Prime Ministers, the Foreign Ministers, the War Ministers and others, would be competent to consider those aspects with plenary information and authority. But it would obviously be too much to expect of General Pershing that he alone could do so comparably with them. If he could, he would be a phenomenal super-man who should forthwith be made Universal Dictator of all the Allied Powers.

Bear in mind, too, that these other plural representatives of the Allied Governments are closer to their homes and in direct touch with their colleagues and constituencies, while the solitary American is, in Secretary Baker's phrase, three thousand miles away from his base of authority. Because of that difference in distance there is manifestly all the greater need of a larger and more authoritative American representation in the Council. If General Foch were alone, he could at any moment consult the Prime Minister or Foreign Minister or War Minister. If Sir Douglas Haig were alone, he could do the same. But General Pershing is not and cannot be thus in constant touch with Washington.

It would of course be impracticable for President Wilson and his Secretaries of State and War to attend the meetings of the Council; though if they did, the United States would be no more numerously and authoritatively represented there than Great Britain is in the presence of Messrs. George and Balfour and Lord Milner. But it would be practicable, and it seems to us that it would be eminently desirable, for this country to send to the Council two or three statesmen of commanding rank and plenary authority, as representatives of the diplomatic and administrative departments of our Government. In that way the United States would have the voice to which it is fairly entitled in the deliberations of the Council, and would be brought into the complete administrative and executive accord with its Allies which is essential to the most efficient prosecution of the war and the most successful disposition of the great issues incident to and conditional upon the war.

The supplying of these two needs of Information and Conference would lead—and nothing else could so surely and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

readily lead—to the supplying of the third and supreme need of Co-operation. It is admirable to have complete military co-operation on the immediate battle front, under a single Generalissimo. We were recently informed that a perfect agreement had been reached on all points at a military conference between French and American officers, over questions of Franco-American co-operation. That was gratifying and reassuring, though it should have been the veriest matter of course that such an agreement would be reached and would be maintained. Obviously, anything short of complete co-operation in military affairs during the war would be madness. There must be only one policy for all the Allied armies. That is axiomatic.

But there is no less need of equally complete agreement and co-operation in other than military affairs—in economics, finance, and diplomacy—and in such affairs for a period after the war as well as during the war. For there is and can be no divorcement of civil from military affairs. The armies do not wage war alone. They must be backed up and fortified by civil operations, industrial, commercial and financial; by the political policies of the belligerent nations; and by their diplomatic transactions. It would not do for one Ally to ignore food conservation, for example, while the others were strictly practising it. It would not do for one Ally to maintain friendly diplomatic, commercial or other relations with a Power with which the others were at war, or to refuse to join in some international action upon which all the others were agreed and in which they were engaged. (If it be said that this has been done, and is still being done, then we must say, so much the worse for the Power that has done and is doing it!)

Nor, as we have already said, is such co-operation to end with the war. Lord Reading, speaking at the recent Harvard Commencement, dwelt with convincing eloquence upon the need of continued co-operation after the war, between Great Britain and America, for mutual aid in that great work of world-wide reconstruction which must then be undertaken and which, we may be sure, will be sufficient to engross the attention of the Allies for many years. For the world cannot automatically go back to the old ways, as it has done after other wars. It can never go back to them. It will of necessity enter upon a new era, presenting a greater contrast to all that has gone before than any other era which has ever

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

come upon it. The changes caused by the fall of Rome, by the Reformation, by the French Revolution, or by the revolutionary era of 1848, will hereafter seem small indeed by the side of those which will inevitably follow the World War.

In the formulation and direction of the new order of affairs it will be not only fitting but indeed imperative for the Allied Powers to take the initiative and to exercise control. They are fighting this war for democracy, for freedom, for humanity, and it will be incumbent upon them not merely to win the immediate victory but equally to safeguard for the future the results attained. It would be the maddest of self-stultification to win the victory and then to sacrifice its fruits. And just as in peace it is necessary, unless we are pacifists or fools or creels, to be prepared for war, so is it necessary even while we are in the very thick of the war to be prepared for the peace which is to come. We cannot too persistently keep in mind nor too strongly emphasize the fact of our coming co-operation with our Allies in the work of peace-making and of peace-preserving, nor can we too sedulously cultivate the relationships, the disposition, and the general ways and means, which will most conduce to the successful achievement of those tremendous tasks. We can imagine nothing more discreditable than that, having won the victory over the Hun, the Allies should quarrel or even disagree among themselves over the results. Doubtless German propaganda will be busy, and is even now busy, toward that end. But it is simply unthinkable that such a calamity should be realized. And nothing can be more certain than that the surest way to avoid such dishonor, and the surest way to guarantee unhesitating and ungrudging agreement and co-operation after the war, is for all the Allies during the war to cultivate continually the habit of confident community of counsel, of thought, and of aim.

An auspicious step toward the attainment of such an end was recently taken in the institution of a new department or bureau of the French Government, charged directly with the administration of Franco-American co-operation in the war. In that there was a suggestion upon which our own Government might well act, and act in an enlarged scope. Amid all our multitudinous bureaus and commissionships and administratorships and boards there might well be one, of the very highest personality and authority, devoted expressly to the promotion and effective administration of co-opera-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tion between this country and not France alone but all of our Allies, and not for the period of actual war alone but also for the post-bellum period of readjustment and reconstruction.

It will scarcely answer to say that such work is already provided for through other channels, through General Pershing in the Supreme War Council, through our various ambassadors, and through the versatile and ubiquitous Colonel House. The same might as well have been said of those other functions and duties for which the creation of special agencies has been found necessary. Work done through a multiplicity of independent agencies can never be co-ordinated and unified as this work supremely needs to be. Nor would it be just or profitable to impose such a task, exacting, onerous and of unsurpassed gravity, upon any existing officer or department of the Government. All are understood to be already fully taxed with their regular duties without assuming others that would be new and strange and burdensome. And if any new work is of sufficient importance to deserve special administration, and that by the most expert and accomplished statesmanship at the Government's command, it assuredly is that of perfecting, maintaining, and practically exercising co-operation with our Allies. In such fashion, and thus alone, is the grand alliance for democracy and civilization against autocracy and the Huns to be made not a mere formal technicality but a vital and victorious fact.

A FOOTNOTE TO AUSTRIAN HISTORY

"Even Austria," says Viscount Grey in his pamphlet on the proposed League of Nations, "has publicly shown a disposition to accept the proposal, and probably welcomes it genuinely, though secretly, as a safeguard for her future, not only against old enemies but against Prussian domination."

A well authenticated footnote to recent Austrian history will indicate how "genuinely" any action of the Hapsburg monarchy may safely be regarded as taken. It may also serve as a suggestion of the degree to which Viscount (then Sir Edward) Grey was made the unconscious victim of Austrian duplicity in the early years of his Foreign Secretaryship, a condition of which some traces still seem to linger,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in the words which we have quoted. Nor is it without interest as a gloss upon the more than whispered imputation of Austrian official complicity with the tragedy of Sarajevo which was the ostensible pretext of the war.

It is a commonplace of history that ever since the Congress of Berlin in 1878 Austria has cherished the design of absorbing Serbia and much of Macedonia and thus gaining a frontage on the Aegean Sea at Salonika. It was in the furtherance of that scheme that she annexed the Serbian provinces of Bosnia and Herzegovina and resisted both secretly and openly all efforts of Serbia to gain an outlet to the sea, either on the Aegean or the Adriatic. Nor did she scruple to regard with complacence—if not to desire with avidity—a war between Great Britain and Germany as likely to afford her an opportunity of achieving her end. Indeed, such conquest of Serbia was only a part of a grandiose ambition which comprised the seizure of Poland and Roumania, the dissolution of Russia, the deposition of the Hohenzollern dynasty from the headship of the Teutonic world, and the re-establishment of the Holy Roman Empire under the Hapsburg crown.

When the Conservative-Unionist Government was in power in Great Britain, with Lord Lansdowne as Foreign Secretary, British official sympathy was at least not pro-Austrian, and might have become decidedly anti-Austrian. Such was the estimate of it which was formed by Prince Lazarovich-Hrebelianovich, of Serbia, when he went to London in 1901 as the official delegate of the Macedonian Committee, to combat pro-Austrian and pro-Turkish influences and if possible to win the Government over to a pro-Serbian or rather pro-Balkan policy. In his mission the Prince had the valuable assistance of that shrewd and far-seeing British statesman, Sir Henry Drummond Wolff, since deceased, and there was an encouraging prospect of success.

But when the Conservative-Unionist Government gave place to the Liberals, and Sir Edward Grey became Foreign Secretary, there came a radical change. Austrian influence at the British Court became supreme. This was largely because of the warm personal friendship which existed between Edward VII and the Austro-Hungarian Ambassador, Count Mensdorff, as well as between the King and the Austrian heir-presumptive. We must also, of course, attribute it in part to the impressible disposition of Sir Edward

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Grey and the ease with which he was imposed upon by the wily Austrian. In consequence of these things Edward VII was drawn into—and was even regarded by many as the author of—the so-called encircling policy, which was to isolate Germany from the rest of Europe by means of a chain of alliances into which Austria professed always to be ready to enter.

What the real feelings and real designs of Austria were, as now apparent to the world, Prince Lazarovich had occasion to learn at Berlin in February, 1906, at the time of the Algeciras Conference on Morocco, during his conversations with some of the men who then guided and who still guide the destinies of the German Empire. As related by him in a forthcoming publication, at the very time when the Austrian Ambassador at London was inciting Great Britain to hostility toward Germany and striving to precipitate a war between those Powers, the Austrian Ambassador at Berlin, Count Sögyeny-Marich, played the part of informer, "convincing Germany of the danger which threatened her from England, pointing to Austria's loyalty, putting always to the fore Germany's paramount interest in supporting Austria's aspirations in the Near East, even at the expense of the commercial interests of individual Germans. (The German Consul-General at Belgrade was even recalled because he encouraged Serbian merchants to buy their goods in Germany instead of in Austria.) In these representations at Berlin the Austrian Ambassador was powerfully supported by the Bavarians and Centrist party in the German Reichstag, which for the last twenty years had been entirely directed from Vienna and one of whose leaders is the well-known Ultramontane intriguer, Mathias Erzberger."

Two months later came an incident which fully demonstrated the purpose of the Hapsburg-Ultramontane clique to plunge Europe into a general war. It is an incident of peculiar interest to Americans, not merely because of its exposure of almost incredible Austrian turpitude, but also because its purport was balked by the vigorous efforts of an American newspaper man, who was then able to avert for a time the colossal catastrophe which eight years later engulfed the world.

In 1906 the general situation in Europe seemed favorable to the Austrian scheme of conquest. Russia had just made peace with Japan after a costly and disastrous war and was

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in the throes of domestic reorganization after almost revolutionary disorders within the empire. Germany was at least sufficiently prepared for war to face it without hesitation, should occasion present itself. And unscrupulous Austrian ingenuity was quite ready to provide the occasion. Kaiser Wilhelm was well known to be peculiarly sensitive on the subject of regicide. Three years before he had been convulsed with horror and detestation at the killing of King Alexander and Queen Draga at Belgrade, and it was shrewdly reckoned that another such tragedy would be sufficient to provoke him into taking such action as would make war inevitable.

Now the regicide of 1903, while committed by Serbian army officers, had been brought about through the machinations of the secret agents of the Hapsburgs, and it was believed that the same agencies would easily be able to effect its substantial repetition. In the spring of 1906, therefore, an Austrian plot was organized to oust King Peter of Serbia from his throne, which, it was expected and even desired, would involve the assassination of him and his family.

This precious conspiracy, according to Prince Lazarovich, was forwarded by Count Mensdorff, the Austrian Ambassador at London, through whose machinations an attempt was made to compromise the British Government so as to involve that country in war with Germany; that being, of course, an essential part of the whole scheme. To that end, the Hapsburg propagandists caused rumors to be set afloat from time to time, in the devious sub-currents of hearsay, in occasional paragraphs in the press, and even in some anonymous books, to the effect that the Serbs would willingly exchange their old King for some member of the British royal family. These rumors were discreetly brought to the attention of influential men in Germany, and of course added much to the disfavor and suspicion with which Great Britain was already regarded in that country. There is some reason for supposing that Prince Mirko of Montenegro and his wife, the latter being a distant relative of the former King Alexander, had knowledge of the plot, though to what extent is not quite clear. At any rate, the Montenegrin court was counted upon to play a very important part in the drama.

For at that time the King and Queen of England were planning to pay a visit to Montenegro during their spring cruise in the Mediterranean, and with devilish cunning it

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

was arranged to have the *coup d'état* at Belgrade, which would doubtless involve the murder of King Peter, occur at the very time when Edward VII was a guest at the Montenegrin court. That coincidence, taken in connection with the former rumors about an English successor to the Serbian throne, would, it was thought, place Great Britain in such a light in the eyes of Germany that war between those two countries would be inevitable; of which war Austria, playing the part of a jackal between two fighting lions, would reap the benefits.

Prince Lazarovich was at this time in London, where, only about eight days before King Edward was to reach Montenegro, he learned what was being plotted at Vienna and what was to happen at Belgrade. A war between Great Britain and Germany thus seemed inevitable, and a general European war quite probable; and time in which to frustrate the Hapsburg deviltry was painfully short. He immediately informed Sir Henry Drummond Wolff of the facts, and also Mr. H. R. Chamberlain, now deceased, who was then the chief European correspondent of The New York *Sun* and also of the Laffan telegraphic news agency. The three conferred together. They realized the extreme seriousness of the situation, and of course agreed that all possible means must be used to prevent the threatened catastrophe.

It seemed almost hopeless to undertake deterrent action in London in time. The King and Queen and Foreign Secretary were already sailing toward Cettigne and could not, of course, be recalled. It was decided, therefore, to lay the matter before the German Kaiser himself, as the one man in Europe who would be able to prevent the execution of the plot. His veto, and his alone, would be effective at Vienna. This was done, and at the same time Mr. Chamberlain made the fullest possible use of the Laffan agency to the same end. It might seem invidious to declare whether the Kaiser or the news agency proved the more powerful. What is certain is that together they effected the desired purpose. King Edward suddenly "changed his plans" and did not visit Montenegro, while various more or less mysterious gentlemen who had been visiting Belgrade and familiarizing themselves with the precincts of the Royal Palace suddenly departed from the Serbian capital for a holiday in the Tyrolean Alps. And the war was postponed for eight years; until

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

another royal or imperial assassination conveniently occurred.

A brief sequel to this extraordinary incident remains to be told. Prince Lazarovich was convinced that in political and diplomatic affairs the cause of Serbia and indeed of the Balkans generally was seen in Great Britain only through Austrian eyes. He then undertook to enlist British interest in the economic and commercial development of Serbia through the project of a canal from the Danube to the Aegean Sea by way of the Vardar River and its valley, a project at that time only in its inception. But here, too, he found British statesmen and financiers strongly under the influence of Vienna; to an extent which rendered his efforts in behalf of that enterprise altogether vain.

It then occurred to Prince Lazarovich that the canal project might be made to appeal favorably to certain powerful financial interests in Germany, which might take it up as an offset to the war intrigues of the Hapsburgs and Ultramontanes. Austria, he was sure, would not venture upon a war single-handed. She needed the support of Germany, or at least needed to have Germany and Great Britain at war. He accordingly approached some very important financiers in Germany, by whom he was at first favorably received. He was indeed encouraged to hope that German financial and commercial interests would become so strong in that region as to necessitate the blocking and abandonment of Austria's schemes of conquest.

Accordingly, in 1907, when the time seemed propitious for a further and definite step in that direction, his associate, Mr. V. R. Savich—who is now Serbian Commissioner at Washington—undertook to form among the younger men a group with an economic programme which would warrant the asking of either Great Britain or Germany such support of the economic and political development of Serbia as would give that country a satisfactory guarantee against any further Austrian aggression. "I forwarded this programme to Berlin," says Prince Lazarovich, "after having first urged it in London. A few days later word came that my letter would be answered in the Reichstag. And so it was. Prince Buelow, the German Chancellor, himself gave the answer in a speech before the Reichstag, answering the letter practically point for point and closing his speech by saying that 'in regard to Serbia, Germany is bound to and will support only the interests of Austria.' That closed the chapter com-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

pletely and fully. And I knew henceforth what the future held in store for Serbia."

The apprehensions which were then aroused were fulfilled in 1914, in the carrying out of the identical programme, *mutatis mutandis,* that the Hapsburg conspirators had concocted eight years before. To the very letter Germany in that year fulfilled the declaration of her Chancellor in 1907, that she was bound to the interests of Austria in Serbia, and would support them. But the tortuous and treacherous course which Austria has pursued, especially toward Great Britain, provokes much wonder at the charity and credulity of an eminent British statesman who, having himself been the victim of that course, can still regard the sincerity of Austria with any degree of confidence.

WAR MEASURES FOR WAR TIMES

TRITE as the admonition may seem, it is never amiss to remind ourselves that war measures are for war times alone. Just as pacifism is detestable when war is being waged, so are the ways and means of war objectionable in time of peace. This is realized by all men without argument, to a certain extent. Military rule, courts martial for civilians, or the use of the army in civil affairs, would not for a moment be tolerated. But many who readily recognize this appear to be oblivious of the fact that there may be war measures entirely apart from the army, which are just as inappropriate in time of peace as would be intervention by the military forces.

A practical illustration of this, and a practical opportunity of applying the principle, arose in the recent discussion in Congress of the President's request for authority to take the telegraph and telephone systems of the country under Government control. In that request the only prescription of time was, that the thing should be done immediately. There was no thought of limiting the endurance of the new order of affairs. Thereupon a resolution to that effect was introduced and earnestly urged: for granting that power to the President for an indefinite period, which would mean in perpetuity, in the absence of any positive action to the contrary. To this, however, although it was favored by the President and by three of the Cabinet officers who stand

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

closest to him, the majority of the House committee would not assent. They declined even to sanction the granting of power to control the lines for six months or any other period after the war, but insisted upon limiting the exercise of Government control to the period of the duration of the war; so that with the ending of the war that control would automatically cease and the lines would be restored to the management of their owners.

In that we must regard the majority of the committee as having been quite right, and as having performed an important public service. We have no knowledge of the motives of the President and his Cabinet officers, or of the minority of the committee, in seeking to make the control perpetual, or at least unlimited, nor are we inclined to explore them. Our esteem of "unlimited" schemes from certain sources has not been enhanced by recent developments of the plan for an "unlimited" increase of the army. But it must be plain to every intelligent and thoughtful man what the inevitable result of such an unlimited grant would be.

It would be, to make as difficult as possible the return to the normal *ante bellum* conditions, by throwing upon the advocates of such a return the onus of securing special legislation to that effect. It would make necessary positive action by Congress for the withdrawal of the lines from Government control, action as positive as that of placing them under that control. It would, indeed, assume Government control to be the normal condition, which should not be interrupted or changed except for cause, the urgency of which must be proved. It would be to treat as a perpetual condition in time of restored peace something which had been adopted solely as a war measure and which had been acquiesced in by the nation on the ground of military necessity alone. And that is something which we could not but regard as ominously vicious.

It is a wise and prudent provision of the Constitution that Congress, while it has full power to raise and support armies, shall make no appropriation of money for that purpose for a longer period than two years. It cannot even make a stated annual appropriation for the period of duration of the war. That should be an efficient reminder of the fact that war is always to be regarded as a temporary condition and that all measures adopted for its prosecution are to be similarly regarded as temporary. Of course the analogy between

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

military appropriations and Government control of corporate enterprises is by no means perfect; but so far as there is a difference between the two cases, the presumption and the argument for strict limitation to war time are much stronger in the latter than in the former.

We are not impressed by the suggestion or contention of some that the period of Government control needs to be extended indefinitely, or even for some considerable specified time, such as a year, or six months, beyond the duration of the war, in order to give opportunity for preparations and readjustments incident to the change, and we think that the majority of the committee was quite right in rejecting such proposals and in insisting that the period of Government control be limited strictly by the duration of the war. No such time is required for such preparations before the taking over of properties by the Government, and none, beyond a few days or even hours, is granted. There should be no more need of any in the case of the relinquishment of such control, unless we are to assume the discreditable proposition that Government management is much less efficient and business-like than private management. As a matter of fact, if such time were needed, it would be automatically provided, since there is always warning given of the impending return of peace.

It is, of course, conceivable that the advocates of the unlimited grant of Government control are in favor of perpetual Government control and ownership. That is their right. Even if the President and his Cabinet favored such a policy, that would be their right. But in that case they should have the courage of their convictions to make a direct proposal to that effect, and to make a direct issue of it. What we object to at present is the use of "military necessity" as a stalking-horse, behind which to secure the enactment of laws for which there is no military necessity whatever, and which would have no chance whatever of acceptance without such a screen. There may be military necessity for the Government's taking over the railroads and telegraphs, and ice-cream saloons and peanut stands, too, for all we know. But we are not willing to admit that there could be any military necessity for it after military operations had ceased and peace had been restored; and we object to the doing or the continuation of anything for the sake of military necessity when that necessity no longer exists.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In a more general sense, our objection is to the doing of things by indirection, and of taking advantage of the war thus to do things which could not be done in time of peace on their own merits. A similar trick was tried in foisting a prohibition " rider " upon an agricultural bill, and other such performances may be again and again repeated. They are contrary to sound policy, and might easily become pernicious and a menace to the Republic.

Whatever measures are necessary for the successful prosecution of the war, let us have them proposed and voted upon squarely, as war measures and nothing more.

OUR DEBT TO HUN PROFESSORS

THE learned Herr Professors of the land of the unspeakable Hun are again making us their debtors. Once more we have to thank them for a clear and vigorous presentation of Hun aims and aspirations. For some time these mouthpieces of that which is highest in Teutonic learning and ideals have been more or less silent. But they were not demobilized by any means. And now again they have entered the fray, and entered it apparently refreshed and reinvigorated in their bristling belligerency.

They want to hear no talk of peace. Their voice is all for war. Not only for war, but for war waged on those true cave dweller Hun principles which so irresistibly appeal to the Teutonic heart. The *Suddeutsche Manasheft,* a monthly publication, devotes a large portion of a recent issue exclusively to these professional outgivings. This particular scholastic campaign seems to be taking the form of a massed assault on peace-theorists. Professor Spahn, of the University of Strasbourg, is one of the leaders in it. He says:

> The need of the present hour is not yet universal peace and rule of law and freedom of peoples, but clearness about the vital conditions of the German people as a state and about the full development of our own state of existence. Unity must be based upon the leadership of the most efficient people. Only a race so full of idealism as the Germans is capable of lighting the horizon of humanity with an idea so great and so eternal.

For nearly four years now the Huns have been illuminating the horizon of humanity with the light of burning homes, hospitals, churches and stately cathedrals, historical monu-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ments which even mediæval savagery had spared. And all this to the accompaniment of the despairing shrieks of ravished wives, mothers, daughters and even little kindergarten school girls; of wantonly maimed and butchered aged men and women and helpless children; of wretched creatures of both sexes and all ages torn away from what before the Hun blight fell had been for generations homes of peace and contentment nestled away among smiling fields and amid gardens of radiant flowers.

This is as it should be according to the chief authorities in all that is highest in Teutonic refinement. This is that light on the horizon of humanity which the learned Hun instructors from the security of their cloistered seclusion are proclaiming as the German idealism without which all discussions of peace are Utopian dreams.

Not that these views are peculiar to the academic bodies of that barbarous and besotted nation. They are the views proclaimed in Germany for decades, while preparation was being made for their practical application in the present war—views glorified and consecrated as dogmas of national faith by all classes, from the physically and mentally deformed monster who sits on the throne to the dumb, driven cannon-fodder cattle who for generations have been taught to cower and cringe under the brutally merciless military lash. The learned professors are the chosen evangelists of the hell-inspired creed—that's all.

We cannot be too thankful that they do from time to time thus give it utterance. We cannot too often have brought home to us just what the hideous monster is that we are fighting. The oftener we are reminded from these high authoritative sources that either we win this war or we lose a world that is fit to live in—the oftener the Herr Professors bring that tremendous fact home to us; the more they labor to prevent us from forgetting it for a single moment in all the stir and bustle of these eventful days, the more they increase our everlasting indebtedness to them. They have let their baleful Hun light so shine before men that all around the humanity horizon we see their foul works and know them for what they are. They are light to our feet, an inspiration to us in our unswervable purpose to wage a war of extermination on their hideous creed and upon all its exponents and apostles.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE TRUE STORY OF THE JAMESON RAID AS RELATED TO ME BY JOHN HAYS HAMMOND

BY ALLEYNE IRELAND

I

THE amazing revelations of German intrigue which within the past few months have come from points as far apart as Buenos Aires and Constantinople, Petrograd and Tokyo, have stirred in my memory the recollection of a certain telegram signed by the same William, King of Prussia and German Emperor, whose impudent and mendacious emissaries have set the mark of indelible infamy on the brow of their Imperial accomplice.

"From Wilhelm, Imperator, Rex, Berlin: to President Kruger, Pretoria, South African Republic," so ran the address, and thus the message:

> I tender you my sincere congratulations that without appealing to the help of friendly Powers you and your people have been successful in opposing with your own forces the armed bands that have broken into your country to disturb the peace, in restoring order, and in maintaining the independence of your country against attacks from without.

Like many of the German documents which have recently come to light, this message is clothed in language which imparts to it a flavor of innocence and of sympathy. It is not until the surrounding circumstances are carefully examined that the telegram can be assigned its proper place in the dark record of German diplomacy.

American citizens played a prominent part in the events referred to in the Kaiser's telegram, and the account of an eye-witness may prove of more than passing interest at this time. The story carries the reader to South Africa, where,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in the heart of a pastoral country, nature has buried thousands of feet below the sunburnt plain the world's greatest store of gold.

I may begin my narrative with a meeting held by five hundred Americans in Johannesburg, the mining city of the Transvaal, in December, 1895. What we had met to decide was whether or not we should give our support to a Revolution which was then brewing against the Boer oligarchy.

I was a little late in getting there and, when I entered, the meeting was in disorder. Some of President Kruger's spies had managed to gain admittance and the disturbance they made was so great that the Chairman, Captain Mein—an American and manager of the celebrated Robinson mine—was about to announce an adjournment. I walked rapidly up the aisle, mounted the platform, and secured a hearing. I told the rowdies that if they made any more trouble I'd have them thrown out. Then I explained the exact situation which confronted us.

Our grievances were so well known that there was no need for me to enlarge upon them; all I had to do was to take the sense of those present—and every class of American was represented—on the single question whether the point had not been reached to which the signers of the Declaration of Independence referred when they said:

> . . . all experience hath shewn, that mankind are more disposed to suffer, while evils are sufferable, than to right themselves by abolishing the forms to which they are accustomed. But, when a long train of abuses and usurpations, pursuing invariably the same Object evinces a design to reduce them under absolute Despotism, it is their right, it is their duty, to throw off such Government, and to provide new Guards for their future security.

Nothing is to be found in the Declaration of Independence limiting this principle by latitude, by longitude, or by circumstance: it was a clean-cut hereditary issue, to be faced by us Americans then and there.

The efforts of President Kruger's secret agents, among whom there were many Germans, had been directed for a long time to heading off the Revolution by sowing dissension in the ranks of the mining community, and there was some danger that these attempts might succeed. The ingenious plan was followed of telling the American and other non-British immigrants that the whole affair was nothing but

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

an English plot to induce us to spend our money and to shed our blood in order that the country should be brought under the British flag.

For the Americans the whole thing hung on the question of the flag; and I knew very well that there was but one way to secure American support for the Revolution and at the same time to establish our action as a genuine internal revolt having no object ulterior to that of destroying the narrow Boer oligarchy, then at the height of its malign and corrupt power, and of setting up in its place a truly representative democracy on the American model. So I made it clear that if the worst came to the worst and we were driven to resort to violence, it was under the Boer flag that we would fight, and that we should have at least the sympathy of many progressive young Boers who were as disgusted as we were with the infamous condition into which the country had been brought by Paul Kruger and his Dutch and German satellites, and had declared that they would not bear arms against the Johannesburgers if the city were attacked.

I concluded my speech by saying, "I will shoot any man who hoists any flag but the Boer flag," an announcement which was vigorously applauded. Out of more than five hundred Americans present all but five voted to take up arms against Kruger; and immediately on the adjournment of the meeting we organized the George Washington Corps and pledged ourselves to the Revolutionary cause.

What the Revolution was about, how it failed, how the leaders, including myself, were sentenced to death, how the death-penalty was commuted, how our point of view was vindicated by the Boer War and by England's measures after the country came under the British flag is what I purpose to tell in the following pages:

When news of the Jameson Raid appeared in thousands of papers in all parts of the world on Tuesday, December 31, 1895, the general impression was created that a swashbuckling Englishman had attempted to overthrow the Government of the South African Republic in order to add its territory to the British Empire. It was not unnatural that this view of the situation should have aroused a widespread feeling of indignation, and that an almost unanimous expression of sympathy with the Boers should have marked the press comment in the United States and on the Continent of Europe.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The outbreak of the South African War four years later revived in the public memory the forgotten incident of the Raid, furnished prejudice or ignorance with fresh material for an anti-British propaganda, gave to pro-Boer sentiment a new and vigorous lease of life, and confirmed in their opinion those who had seen in the Jameson Raid nothing but a brutal act of aggressive imperialism.

Nothing could be more grotesque than the effort which was made to interpret the Johannesburg reform movement—of which the Jameson Raid was no more than a deplorable incident—as an expression of England's imperial policy. It was not the enlightened imperialism of England but the benighted provincialism of Kruger which created in South Africa that profound discontent, that bitter sense of injustice which drove the population of Johannesburg to seek through the agency of an internal revolution those simple, democratic rights which had been denied alike to their respectful petitions and to their constitutional protests.

As I was one of the four members of the Reform Committee sentenced to death by Kruger's specially imported "hanging judge," Gregorowski, it will be readily believed that I retain a very lively recollection of those exciting times. Where my memory flags I can fortunately refresh it by reference to my wife's little volume, *A Woman's Part in a Revolution*—a diary unfaithful only when its authoress fails to record the unwavering support and the devoted efforts which she brought to the aid and comfort of us Americans during events which might well have unnerved a woman who was soon to become a mother.

I went out to South Africa in 1893 as consulting engineer to the firm of Barnato Brothers, one of the largest mine-owners in the Transvaal; but within a year Mr. Cecil Rhodes, at that time Prime Minister of Cape Colony, offered me a position of wider scope and interest in connection with the general development of the mineral deposits in Rhodesia controlled by the British South Africa Company, and the mines at Johannesburg of the Goldfields of South Africa, of which he was the Managing Director and the moving spirit. This offer I was glad to accept, as I knew Rhodes to be a man of large views and progressive methods; and his reputation, great as it was throughout the British Empire, was in nothing greater than in the staunch backing he afforded to men who earned his confidence.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

My early work in the Transvaal was such as falls to the lot of any consulting engineer in the gold-fields; and I was too busy investigating the practicability of deep-level mining —a possibility then generally regarded as too remote for serious consideration—to pay any attention to local political conditions. But as my field of observation broadened and my daily routine gave me an increasing familiarity with the economic problems of gold-mining in the Transvaal the conviction was forced upon me that the difficulties which the industry faced were not due to any of those technical obstacles which engineers are employed to overcome but to obstructions deliberately placed in the way of the mining community by the Boer Government.

The circumstances cannot be rightly understood unless the reader has before him certain fundamental facts about the capitalists, the mining population, and the Boers—the chief groups concerned in the brief but dramatic occurrences which involved a large body of Americans in an abortive revolution on the other side of the globe.

The idea that " capitalist " and " rascal " are interchangeable terms is one originally advanced by the anarchists, later taken up by the I. W. W., and since 1912 sedulously employed by many blatant politicians in the United States. The question addressed to capitalists seeking protection from the American Government for their legitimate business interests in Mexico has been: " What are you doing down there? No one asked you to go there; and if you don't like it, why don't you get out? You're only down there to make money anyhow."

The same question was asked the capitalists who provided the money which raised the Transvaal from the position of a bankrupt State, dependent upon cattle-grazing and primitive agriculture, to that of a wealthy country entering with every prospect of success upon a career of modern development.

Leaving on one side the broad issue between those who describe as honest and praiseworthy and those who stigmatize as dishonest and contemptible the employment of capital to make the world's resources available for the world's use, the case of the Transvaal is peculiar in this, that President Kruger issued a formal, public invitation to English capitalists, in which he urged them to come to his country and invest their money in its development, promising them in return

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the protection of their interests and a fair influence in the government. It was this invitation, published in the London press in 1884, which overcame the reluctance of English capital, after the Boer War of 1881, to seek employment in the Transvaal.

It is a common delusion that capitalists find something peculiarly attractive in war. This charge may be true when it is applied to the manufacturers of war material; but a moment's reflection should suffice to convince any intelligent man that disorder, destruction, and financial panic—the inseparable companions of armed conflict—are the very things of which capital in general is most afraid; in fact, the timidity of capital has become proverbial.

My work during the past thirty years has brought me in contact with many of the world's largest capitalists—American, English, French, Dutch, Belgian, Canadian, Australian, and German—and upon my advice many millions of dollars have been invested in a score of countries. I can testify that, so far as my own experience goes I have never met a capitalist whose attitude towards war was not that of the average man, namely, that it was the last and most desperate expedient for the remedy of intolerable abuses. To this rule the capitalists of the Transvaal were no exception; and it was only when long-continued misgovernment had been crowned by an open challenge from the Boers to rise and fight for our rights if we thought they were worth it, it was not until President Kruger had declared that the reforms we had petitioned for would be granted only over his dead body, that the mine-owners began to turn their thoughts in the direction of revolt.

The character of the mining population of Johannesburg has been misunderstood when it has not been deliberately misrepresented. The popular American conception of a new mining community is largely based upon our recollection of Bret Harte's heroes. For an imaginative and sensation-loving people it was both easy and agreeable to transfer to South Africa the wild life of Red Gulch and to fill the stage with a lawless and violent mob which, in the intervals between working its claims and murdering one another, found time to drink, to gamble and, occasionally, to sleep.

Nothing could be less like the humdrum routine of the Rand. Johannesburg was much more like a wealthy manufacturing town than a traditional mining camp. There were,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

indeed, no miners, as the word was understood out West in the fifties; and our gold mines could be described with greater accuracy as gold factories. The personnel of the mines consisted of a few dozen mining engineers, a few score highly skilled mechanics, a few hundred white miners—chiefly American, Scotch, Welsh, and Cornish—and many thousands of Kaffir laborers.

The life was such as might be found in hundreds of long-settled communities in the Eastern States. Bankers, business men, mining engineers, physicians, surgeons, with their wives and children, made up the "society" of the place; and as these professional men, but especially the mining engineers, were of the highest standing in their several fields, and received munificent salaries, our social existence lacked neither elegance nor culture. What lent an additional charm to our leisure was the constant stream of distinguished visitors which passed through the town. It was not a mere question of "Little Lords looking for Big Game"—to quote my wife's phrase—but of statesmen, scientists, authors, explorers, colonial administrators on their way to or from Europe, America, India, Australia, China, the Cape, and Rhodesia.

Mrs. Hammond and I are agreed that neither in London, nor in Paris, neither in New York nor in Washington, have we found a social life which better deserved the praise of being brilliant. It was a brilliance, too, which owed everything to the personalities of the men and women and nothing to the extraneous elements of pomp and circumstance.

Before passing to another subject I wish to lay particular emphasis on the fact that from the richest capitalist to the well-paid mechanic the white population was a domestic group, living not in bachelor's quarters but in homes.

The population of the Transvaal was, at the time of which I speak, made up of about 750,000 blacks and about 250,000 whites, the Boers numbering not more than 75,000. In the hands of the Boers—that is to say, in the hands of less than one-tenth of the population—was concentrated the whole power of the government, and all political rights. The real situation in the "Republic" centered around the circumstance that 75,000 Boers, paying one-tenth of the taxes, exercised a complete and exclusive sway over 175,000 white immigrants, who paid nine-tenths of the taxes without having a word to say as to how taxation should be levied or its proceeds expended.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Boers were by no means of one mind as to the justice or the expediency of this system. On the one side was a large majority of the Boers (the reactionary or *dopper* party), with Paul Kruger at its head, which held very tenaciously to the view that having, by fair promises, attracted to the country an immense flow of capital, and this capital being invested in immovable property, such as land, buildings and machinery, it was unnecessary to fulfill pledges made to a population which could leave the country only at the price of financial ruin, and which, in order to avoid that ruin, would remain and submit to any degree of oppression and misrule.

On the other side was a small minority, headed by General Joubert. The attitude of this minority was faithfully represented in a speech made before the Upper Chamber of the Transvaal Legislature in August, 1895, by a Mr. Jeppe, a Boer. The occasion was the presentation of a Petition signed by 35,483 Uitlanders (the name given by the Boers to the immigrant population) praying that political representation might be granted to them. In the course of his speech Mr. Jeppe said:

> This petition has been, practically, signed by the entire population of the Rand. It contains the name of the millionaire capitalist on the same page as that of the miner, that of the owner of half a district next to that of a clerk. It embraces also all nationalities. And it bears, too, the signatures of some who have been born in this country, who know no other fatherland than this Republic, but whom the law regards as strangers. Then, too, are the newcomers. They have settled for good. They have built Johannesburg, one of the wonders of the age. They own half the soil, they pay at least three-quarters of the taxes. Nor are they persons who belong to a subservient race. They come from countries where they freely exercised political rights, which can never be long denied to free-born men.
>
> Dare we refer them to the present law, which first expects them to wait for fourteen years, and even then pledges itself to nothing? It is a law which denies all rights even to their children born in this country. What will become of us or our children on the day when we shall find ourselves in a minority of perhaps one in twenty, without a single friend amongst the other nineteen, among those who will then tell us they wished to be brothers, but we by our own act made them strangers in the Republic. Old as the world is, has any attempt like ours ever succeeded for long?

The foregoing statement by a Boer member of the Boer Legislature presents only the political side of the Uitlander case, and it must be supplemented by a recital of the grievances out of which the political agitation arose. It is essential

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that the reader should understand that the Reform movement in the Transvaal was the direct outcome of the conviction that so long as the whole political and administrative machinery of the country was controlled by the Boers no remedy would be found for the abuses from which we suffered.

I am positive that if Kruger had been content to give Johannesburg decent government the demand for political rights would have been postponed for many years and, indeed, might never have been made. Nor was it a question of a number of Britishers using the grievances as an excuse for bringing the country under the British flag, for there was a large number of Americans on the spot, who at no time could have had much sympathy with such a programme, and who, on account of the recent trouble between England and the United States over the Venezuelan boundary, were strongly averse to giving the Reform movement an exclusively English complexion.

Our grievances may thus be summarized and they must be interpreted in the light of the fact that the Uitlanders had purchased from the Boers more than one-half of the land of the Transvaal; that they owned more than nine-tenths of the property, and that they paid more than nine-tenths of all the taxes raised in the country, and that in spite of the squandering of its revenues the Transvaal Government had accumulated in its Treasury more than six millions of dollars.

1. We suffered from a high death-rate and from much sickness through the lack of a sewage system and of a clean water-supply.

2. Out of $310,000 allotted in Johannesburg for education less than $4,000 was applied to the Uitlander children, although they outnumbered the Boer children in the town, and their parents supplied the money which built the schools and supported them. The actual figures worked out at about 50 cents a head for our children and $40 a head for the Boer children; and at that, our children were not allowed to use or to study English in the schools. This caused the deepest resentment, for our children heard no language but Dutch in the schools, and they were being gradually estranged from the ideals which have been perpetuated by English speech.

3. Although we had built the city and found practically all the money to run it, we had no voice whatever in its government, were dominated by a corrupt and violent Boer

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

police, and were denied a free press and the right of public meeting.

4. The mining industry was harassed by Government monopolies which forced up the cost of living and of working the mines, and which were farmed out with the object of filling the pockets of Kruger's favorites. Of these monopolies one of the most burdensome was that which compelled us to purchase our dynamite from a single privileged firm, which paid a royalty to certain members of the Transvaal Government. Not only were we forced to pay about three million dollars a year tribute in the form of excess profits to the holder of the monopoly, but the quality of the dynamite was so poor that fatal accidents were of common occurrence.

5. The railroad policy of the Transvaal was so framed as to enable the railroad monopoly to charge extortionate freight rates. Johannesburg was connected with the Cape Colony-Free State railroad, over which most of our supplies came, by a line fifty miles long under the control of the Netherlands South Africa Railway Company, whose shareholders were entirely German, Dutch, and Boer. So high was the freight schedule on this line that it was cheaper for us to unload our consignments at railhead of the Cape Line, re-load them into ox-wagons, and so take them to Johannesburg across the drifts, or fords, by which alone the Vaal River could be crossed. In order to deprive us of this means of getting ourselves out of the clutches of his railroad monopoly, Kruger closed the drifts on October 1, 1895. But in doing this he over-reached himself. His action was in clear defiance of his treaty obligations to England; and after consultation with the Government of the Cape Colony (which pledged itself to support England with men and money if it became necessary to enforce her treaty rights) the British Government informed Pretoria that the drifts must be re-opened and must remain open. In response to this ultimatum Kruger rescinded his order.

6. In the interest of the liquor monopoly the Boer Government allowed an unlimited amount of cheap and fiery spirits to be sold to the Kaffirs. There was, in consequence, a great deal of drunkenness among our laborers; and as the liquor dealers were allowed to sell this wretched stuff at the mouth of the mines to men about to go down the shafts, there was much loss of life and of property from this cause.

7. President Kruger and his Executive Council exerted

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a constant pressure upon the judges of the Transvaal Supreme Court, the only barrier which stood between the Johannesburgers and the rule of an unbridled despotism. In 1897 the condition became so scandalous that the Boer judges themselves closed the court, declaring that it was impossible to administer justice under the coercion to which they were subjected by the executive.

8. The Boers asserted the right to draft for service in their wars against the natives those very Americans to whom they denied the right of citizenship. It was through a little ruse on my part that this right to conscript Americans was never enforced. I called a meeting one night to which I invited the managers and other American officials of the mines under my management. The meeting was supposed to be a secret one, but we took care to have present an American whom we knew to be a paid spy of the Boer Government. We passed a unanimous resolution that we would resist all efforts of the Boers to send us to the front to fight the Kaffirs, and that if, in face of our protests, we were drafted, our first shots would be fired at the Boer officers. This resolution was duly reported by the contemptible American spy, and no effort was ever made to conscript us. In this we were more fortunate than the British, of whom a number were forced into the Boer Army.

To this brief survey of our grievances I must add a few words about a man whose cultivated mind and legal talents were employed by Kruger to furnish the finesse which was entirely foreign to his own character. The agreeable but sinister personality of Dr. Leyds, the Transvaal State Attorney, was almost as well known as that of his Boer master. I mention him here because it was a matter of common knowledge that he was the go-between of Kruger and the Kaiser. On January 27th, 1895, Kruger, speaking at a banquet in honor of the Kaiser's birthday, said: "I shall ever promote the interests of Germany . . . the time has come to knit ties of the closest friendship between Germany and the South African Republic."

Shortly after this Dr. Leyds went to Berlin—to have his throat examined!—and he was in Berlin when the Kaiser sent the telegram of which I have already spoken.

That part of the Kaiser-Kruger plot which related to keeping the Uitlanders in a state of simmering revolt, Dr. Leyds handled with skill and success. The other part, Ger-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

many's proposal to send troops to the Transvaal at the time of the Jameson Raid, went to pieces when England mobilized her flying squadron after the publication of the Kaiser-Kruger telegram. Kruger never forgave the Kaiser for this back-down. He confided to a friend the opinion that there was no profit in dealing with a monarch who allowed his foreign policy to be dictated by his grandmother.

During 1895 general conditions in the Transvaal went from bad to worse. The Boers became ever more arbitrary and overbearing; and their intentions showed up very clearly when they began to construct forts dominating the city of Johannesburg. One deputation after another was sent to Kruger to state our grievances, but without effect. Finally he told one deputation that he would make no promises of any kind, and he brought the interview to a close by saying: "If you want your grievances redressed, why don't you get guns and fight for what you call your rights?"

We took him at his word.

(*To be concluded*)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE "BERSAGLIERI" OF THE SEA

BY CAPTAIN L. VANNUTELLI

NAVAL ATTACHÉ TO THE ITALIAN EMBASSY AT WASHINGTON

THE Italian Navy found herself at the outbreak of war in the most adverse conditions in regard to the enemy.

Italy was placed in very inferior strategic conditions, both at sea and on land, by the boundaries imposed on her after the war of 1866. Military domination of the Adriatic is in the hands of Austria, and by reason of the sinuosities of the Illyrian coast and the labyrinths of the Islands of Dalmatia, she can very easily throw her ships against the undefended Italian cities of the opposite, nearby open coast.

The Adriatic is for Italy as the lung of a human being. The domination of this sea for many centuries by Rome and Venice demonstrated the real historic and geographic necessity of having the rule of this narrow maritime basin in the hands of only one State; and history shows that a durable and constructive peace was only possible in the Adriatic when the supremacy of the sea was incontestably assured to one nation.

The conditions of strategic and geographic inferiority of Italy in the Adriatic are such that not even a fleet three times as strong as that possessed today by Italy could compensate for the superiority of Austria, owing to her protected coastline and numerous ports.

While Austria-Hungary has six or seven magnificent indentations closed in by mountains and constituting so many excellent, strong naval bases, Italy has not even one equivalent port. Italy is in the absurd position of having her only great Adriatic base, Taranto, not in the Adriatic, but in the Ionian Sea.

The Italian dreadnoughts are obliged to remain enclosed

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

at Taranto, because Italy has not a sufficiently ample port, with deep water, which could accommodate a squadron of big ships in the Adriatic.

She was therefore obliged to occupy the port of Valona on the Albanian coast, since, in the hands of Austria, it might have become an excellent base for the domination of the Otranto canal. The blockade of the Adriatic was one of the most imperative measures and this blockade could not be made effective if Austria had been in possession of the central Albanian coast.

Valona and Corfu are the two positions which dominate the canal of Otranto and may be said to be the key to the gate of the Adriatic. The strategic position of Italy was somewhat improved by the occupation of Valona, and it would have been even much better if Corfu had become the principal base of the Italian fleet. For this reason the problem of the Adriatic is intimately bound up with that of Albania and the Ionian Sea. But if Valona, Corfu and Taranto form an excellent system for the blockade of the Adriatic, it cannot be said that any one of these three eccentric positions would constitute a naval base for operations in the Central or Northern Adriatic and therefore arises the question which strategic base would dominate the Adriatic in all its length.

The Adriatic question is very complex and must be considered not only from the purely military standpoint, but also from the political side, for Italy has strong national interests to defend on the Dalmatian coast.

The present war demonstrates in the most evident way the Italian situation in the Adriatic, for, even if the Austrian fleet be blockaded in its ports, yet Italian ships cannot navigate without grave danger and at present the commerce of the Italian ports in that sea has been completely interrupted.

This is the situation of Italy as regards Austria in the Adriatic, with the added difficulty that the Italian coast is low, sandy, unprotected and open, while that of Austria is mountainous, full of fjords, protected in all its length by a triple barricade of islands, furrowed by labyrinths of deep-water internal canals.

This special condition, while it greatly facilitates the offensive operations of Austria, even with large ships, makes the simple defense of Italy very difficult.

But Italy, besides efficiently providing for her defense,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

has done a great deal more; she has resolutely pushed the offensive right into the Austrian strongholds and organized a perfect and continuous aerial exploration service so as to constantly keep in touch with the displacements and the movements of the enemy squadron.

Under these conditions of inferiority, the great ships could very seldom be used, and therefore the Italian Navy resorted, as much as possible, to the use of small torpedo boats, especially for nocturnal surprise actions, which may now be said to have become the most characteristic operations of the young Italian Navy in the Adriatic.

The small torpedo boat may be called the " Bersaglieri " of the sea, and it is without doubt the best qualified weapon for nocturnal surprises, especially in such a restricted sea as the Adriatic. The rapidity of perception, the spirit of initiative, the power of resistance to effort and fatigue, the quickness and speed of decision, renders the southern Italian temperament one of the best adapted for the use of these small, very swift boats.

In fact the history of the actions of the Italian Navy in the Adriatic enumerates a continuous and numerous series of similarly brilliant operations: for on the very first day of the war, the destroyer *Zeffiro* entered the Port Buso by skilfull manœuvres, destroyed the batteries of that fort and took all the Austrian garrison prisoners.

During the night of the 28th of May, 1916, following upon information furnished by seaplanes, the Italian torpedo boat *24 O. S.*, having surmounted the barriers, succeeded in penetrating the mouth of the port of Trieste and in throwing torpedoes against a great transport ship.

A similar sortie took place on the night of the 7th of June, 1916, when, following upon information gathered the preceding day by seaplanes, two small torpedo boats succeeded in eluding the watchful eyes of enemy destroyers and forced the entrance of the port of Durazzo, where they torpedoed and sank a great transport filled with war material.

This attack was followed by another on the night of the 25th-26th of June, 1916, after a preceding exploration carried out by seaplanes, when two small Italian torpedo boats again penetrated the barriers of this same port and torpedoed and sank two steamers, one filled with arms and the other with explosives.

For the third time, on the night of the 1st-2nd of August,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

1916, a small torpedo boat entered the port of Durazzo where it torpedoed and sank a large steamer, and as in the other cases, this had been previously located by means of aerial explorations.

On the night of the 1st and 2nd of November, 1916, acting upon information furnished by exploring seaplanes, some small Italian torpedo boats crossed the mined zone and, lowering the obstructions, penetrated the outer anchorage of the stronghold of Pola and threw torpedoes against a large enemy ship, which, however, were unfortunately stopped by the protecting nets of the vessel. The evening of the 9th of December, 1917, having ascertained the presence of two battleships of the *Monarch* type at the further end of the interior of the port of Trieste, a division of two small torpedo boats, commanded by Lieut. Commander Luigi Rizzo, was sent to attack. The night was so cold that there were blocks of ice even along the shores of the canals, and besides this there was a dense fog. Navigation was therefore difficult; nor was it easy to recognize the banks or to discover the position of the numerous obstructions which barred the entrance to the port. Having chosen the position to attempt the forcing of the passage, it was necessary to cut the wire ropes and to remove the obstructions which barred the entrance; this was a very difficult piece of work and lasted about two hours, for it was necessary to successively cut eight wire ropes stretched from one end of the passage to the other, and then to lower the connections of the large mines, so as to be able to pass over them without a resulting explosion. The two small torpedo boats were able to evade the rays of a searchlight in action, and to penetrate the port. A battleship anchored near Punta Sabbia was recognized. The torpedo boat of Lieut. Commander Rizzo reached the position of attack slowly and silently and quickly hurled two torpedoes which exploded against the ship and sank it. The second torpedo boat also threw its torpedoes against a similar ship further away. Both torpedoes exploded, but it was not possible to determine with any certainty whether the second Austrian battleship was sunk. Both little torpedo boats then returned with all speed towards the entrance of the harbor while the coast guns opened an intense fire, and all the searchlights were put into action. Lieut. Commander Rizzo was able to again guide his two torpedo boats by means of skilful manœuvering through the same passage by which he entered

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the port, and with the engines going at full speed reached the open and returned to his base.

The night of the 10th-11th of February, 1918, another port, the roadstead of Buccari, near Fiume, was forced by two other small Italian torpedo boats. One of the destroyers was commanded by this same Lieut. Commander Rizzo. The small torpedo boats, protected by the darkness, were able to enter the roadstead and to throw torpedoes against a steamer and against other small ships, returning intact to their bases.

The 14th of May, 1918, a small torpedo boat, commanded by Lieut. Commander Mario Pellegrini, during the darkness of the night, approached and entered the port of Pola. The escorting destroyers, which had remained outside, after about an hour saw a large flash in the direction of Punto Cristo and immediately after heard two strong, successive explosions. They then distinguished two conventional luminous signals which, according to the pre-arranged understanding, signified, the first "Enemy ship torpedoed" and the second "We are sinking our boat." The searchlights of Pola remained in action in the interior of the harbor till dawn. Commander Pellegrini and his dependants were taken prisoners. Later it was known that the battleship had been sunk.

But the most important of all these operations, as well as the most recent, was that carried out at dawn of the 10th of June, by the same Commander Luigi Rizzo.

The preceding night, shortly before leaving the port, Lieut. Commander Rizzo had received information that an enemy squadron had been sighted, steering northward, protected by ten destroyers. He immediately decided to attack them. He succeeded in discovering them, and in forcing his way within the line protected by the escorting destroyers. He shot two torpedoes against the ship which was leading, sinking it, and one against the second. During his retreat he was pursued by a destroyer which he had passed at a distance of about 100 meters, but fortunately a mine sank this destroyer, so that Lieut. Commander Rizzo was able to return safely to his base at dawn. This success aroused great enthusiasm all over Italy and today Lieut. Commander Rizzo is immensely popular.

He was born at Milazzo (Sicily), of a sailor family. He is thirty-two years old. While still very young he chose a sea life, entered the Merchant Marine service, and com-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

manded a Roumanian ship on the Danube. At the outbreak of war he was called into service with the rank of Sub-Lieutenant in the Reserve. He immediately displayed dashing qualities which have characterized all his actions, and received his Lieutenancy in May, 1915. He was rewarded with the silver medal for bravery, after having captured some enemy aviators under violent fire. Rizzo was transferred to the regular service as a reward of merit, and received a second silver medal for dashing raids on the enemy coast. During the retreat on the Piave last October, he succeeded in entering the Tagliamento River with a motorboat, shelled the enemy on the banks, taking prisoners, and received a third medal. In December, 1917, when he entered the port of Trieste, he won his promotion to the rank of Lieutenant Commander and the gold medal for bravery. In February, 1918, after he penetrated into the Bay of Buccari, he received the bronze medal for gallantry. After having torpedoed the battleship *Santo Stefano* he was promoted to Commander, and was nominated Knight of the Military Order of Savoy. He has a calm temperament, is silent, brave and energetic.

The actions above numerated demonstrate by themselves how intense, continuous and daring was the offensive activity of the small Italian torpedo boats in the Adriatic, which repeatedly pushed beyond the lines of obstruction right into the very interior of the enemy Naval bases. On the other hand, the Austrian destroyers, in spite of the great advantage of numerous well-protected bases, from which they were able to throw themselves against the Italian coast, never attempted to force the Italian ports.

Thus it will be seen that these little Bersaglieri of the Sea penetrated eleven times into the very heart of the enemy naval bases, and their intense activity was crowned with great success.

Now the young Italian navy, in spite of the most adverse conditions, thanks to the daring and dash of its young officers, has succeeded not only in facing, but overcoming, the great advantages possessed by the enemy, obtaining truly admirable results of the greatest importance. The power of the Austrian fleet has been so diminished after the recent losses that it is doubtful whether for some time it will risk coming out of its bases to endeavor to support the operations against Venice.

Recent events demonstrate clearly that the consequences

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of the retreat of Caporetto served to elevate the combative spirit and to cause a new and strong unity of sentiment to spring forth such as gave rise to the recent important successes. It may therefore almost be said that from a certain point of view the loss of territory had only a relative imporance for Italy—for it served to unify and solidify the firm resolve to fight for the vindication of the violated frontier.

L. VANNUTELLI.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTERS FROM A FRENCH PRISONER OF WAR

II.

VERDUN—"IN RESERVE" UNDER THE BOMBARDMENT

July 29th.

MY BELOVED PARENTS:

Forgive me, I beg you, for not having written you yesterday, but we were in a rather peculiar position. As we were "in reserve," they put us in the pits a few hundred metres from the lines, in a spot more or less well chosen as regards shells. Besides, we were so packed in the pits that it was extremely difficult to move. I was made ill several times yesterday afternoon and last night. This morning I attended sick call and I am to rest until this evening. I feel that I am getting better already. It was, I believe, caused by a very fatiguing day, the impossibility of moving, and the heat. Later we were able to get a little more space in our pit, but we could do with even a little more.

Luckily our lieutenant has asked that we be relieved quickly, and it certainly will be *very, very soon.*

. . . Good courage for all of you! *Serenity and calm,* under all circumstances, for you as for me.

July 30th.

I have come back from the relief station to the reserve. I am beginning to feel a little appetite and am no longer dead with thirst as I was during the two days previous.

Yesterday evening when I arrived at our little shelter (one of the few which the day's bombardment had respected) there was sad news: our poor sector had been pitiably tried by the shell fire, quite a number of wounded, quite a number of dead, among the best. So we left our shelter and took

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

up a position some two hundred metres lower down, in a sort of small entrenchments. In mine it is almost possible to sit down without one's head sticking up, but it is more prudent to lie down most of the time, so that the enemy aeroplanes can't spot you. I was able to sleep with my legs stretched out, and that completely refreshed me. The German shells raged all day, but there were few additional wounded in the sector. You see that the spot is far from bad.

. . . During the last three days I have known some hard moments (fatigue and danger), but I am glad of them, certain that I have come out of them hardened, more of a man for these moments. In all frankness I may say that my morale is higher than ever. Long live our common ideal of peace and love on earth!

August 1st.

To-night I have received your dear letter, which I read when the shells grew rarer. . . . Moreover, I assure you, without any boasting, that having attained to where we are, it would take much to disquiet us at all, and that indifference has become the fashion.

When you receive these lines we shall be resting, happy as kings, and having long ceased to think of the few disagreeable moments of this period "in reserve."

August 2nd.

A joyful evening. Before midnight we shall be relieved. Oh! . . . I, like everyone else, have lost a lot of my belongings here, and my trousers are in shreds; but in order to leave this place, I would go off, if it were necessary, in the costume of Adam, and it wouldn't take long!

This morning, a few moments before dawn, we had a "grenade fatigue duty" . . . out on the plain, since there are no communication trenches. We ran over some bad spots where things were dropping a little. When we looked back at our abandoned shelter, it was time that we all had left it. . . . A day longer, and we should have had all the cement roof on our heads! It is all upside down.

The other night, at the moment when we were preparing to descend a little lower, a shell fell just behind the little shelter. Then?—Then the shell did not burst. I, like the rest, had had the time to fall flat, nose in the ground.

I tell you all this because it is now ancient history. To

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sum it up, we have suffered physically and have risked our lives constantly for these several days. The test is finished. *I come out of it more joyous and resolute than ever.*

AFTER BEING RELIEVED

How delightful to be here safe and sound, out of our hole, and far away from the disagreeable whizzing and the menacing explosions of the enemy's shells! And the hot soup. . . . And the freedom of taking any position one wants, instead of having to lie most of the time on one's side. . . . The cap in place of the helmet, . . . etc., etc. We don't feel tired any more; all that is forgotten, everyone exhales gaiety and carelessness.

What a fine bath I have just had, in the Meuse, before putting on clean underclothes!

There is only one dark spot in the picture: the absent, not the wounded, but those we shall never see again. Alas! one can't change that.

A lovely little corner of the country, civilians, a fine summer sun, straw for sleeping and—last but not least—a grocer's where we can stock up. Oh! the delight of devouring cheese and grapes after six days when we scarcely ate at all!

A few details now about our positions since our last stay "up there."

When we arrived, tired as usual, we expected to remain in the valley, at Carrières (as we had been told), a corner that was well bombarded, but not in the same way as higher up. Instead of that, we climbed up and came to the "redoubts," a sort of little cemented squares, about a metre thick, a metre, or a little more, in width, and no more than three metres long.

An important detail to mention is that the redoubts are partly covered with a large slab of cement, to which an iron bar is joined. It is said that these attract the attention of the airplanes and "sausages," and they seem to attract the shells. In addition, these "lodgings" are situated in the middle of a little hill, or, to be more exact, on the other side of a valley. Still better: these redoubts are built on a road along which, in full sight, all the wounded pass towards the first-aid stations, as well as the mounted scouts. You can imagine if the road is fired on and if they get the range of the redoubts.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

When we arrived we only summed up the situation vaguely.

As there was no room in the redoubt, I took up my lodging two or three metres in front, in a shell hole. Some minutes after I had made this choice the shells began to fall so near that I made one bound from my hole to the redoubt, where I thought I should be in better safety as far as splinters went. And there we were, twelve of us, in a dugout where there was just room for six!

A tornado of shells followed which soon taught us something about the situation. Bent over, huddled one against the other, we waited. Sometimes the Germans sent their projectiles three or four at a time; and these are not always the little ones, I can assure you. I leave you to imagine if the noise is an æsthetic one. . . . The tornado passed as it had come; the dugout was intact—nothing had struck us but earth.

During all the rest of a long day, until night came, we stayed there, crowded together, piled on top of one another, our muscles aching for want of a place to straighten out our legs. And with all this, a sun—such a sun—which heated our helmets. . . . When the end of the day came I was half ill, vomiting the little I had eaten, and my stomach in a queer state.

What is our life in the dugout like? Entire days spent lying down in the sun, covered with a cape or a piece of tent cloth, so as not to be recognized by the airplanes, waiting for night to bring coolness, a general lull, and the freedom of movement; visits to our comrades in the neighboring dugouts, etc. From time to time red rockets and green rockets. . . . Good! If one is outside that is the time to regain one's dugout, for the enemy's infantry is asking for artillery support. Then a barrage fire breaks out that lasts for about a quarter of an hour. Glued to the ground, the ear following the whizzing of the shells (one likes to know beforehand if they are going to fall very near), the helmet covering first the head, then the face, one awaits the end of the bombardment. . . . All this lacks clearness and precision. But how can one know what one is about amidst such a series of confused happenings?

I shall have plenty of things to tell you and I will continue as soon as my head is quite rested and when I am fit for the slightest mental effort.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

August 6th.

This evening I have had a quiet little dinner with two intimate comrades of my squad, a materialistic engineer and a Parisian who, without being a wonder, has always been blessed with a sense of the ridiculous, to an extraordinary extent.

On the menu figures *a* hare, for *three*. . . . Evidently I am a spendthrift these days. But what can you expect? In days following a stay at the Thiaumont Motion Pictures one feels such a need of reaction!

In the report, written congratulations of the Colonel, declaring that our regiment " by means of its stoical resistance under the most severe bombardments," has permitted the realization of the present offensive around Thiaumont! So be it! But not our regiment quite alone . . .

I see by the papers that it has " grown hot " in our old sector of Thiaumont-Fleury. This should mean, not only the attacks, but frightful and continuous bombardments. If we had to be there now there would be nothing to do but accept it all with good will; but since we are relieved, we must find a reason for being content to be here.

. . . At this time you must have received news from me. I want you to know that, according to my habit, I have sent you every day, even from the " reserve," some little message, except during the first day, when it was physically impossible.

Be sure to get a good rest and don't give in to any bothersome thoughts. We are taking our vacations at the same time.

Our company, which was not one of those which suffered most, lost at Verdun the half of its effective force in wounded, ill and dead.

Yesterday afternoon helped in putting up a wire netting in a mine crater. Afterwards, in a single trip, carried four planks and some dirt sacks, empty, from the road to the height of the hut. In the second trip: a box of grenades, two of us, from the road to the first line. Third trip: planks and dirt sacks from the hut to the first line.

Just a little shower, but the communication trenches are full of big puddles in places. The carrying the planks—oaken planks—was very hard, at least for me: it is at the same time heavy and awkward.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The weather seems to be improving. . . . Contrary to custom, the Germans have just sent a certain number of pretty big shells into our corner—or at least, near said corner. As there is still a good deal of mud, very few have exploded.

Spirits and health good.

September 22nd.

This morning lovely autumn weather, blue sky, light wind, foliage already yellow. . . . One feels the coming winter in this delightful September temperature.

Splendid starry heavens. As I was going back to my quarters Victor Hugo's verse kept running through my mind:

" Le croissant fin et clair parmi ces fleurs de l'ombre."

WINTER MARCHES

November 28th.

Muster this morning at half-past six. We made only a short march, some seven kilometres. Fog, but no rain.

We are quartered here in a huge barn, holding a generous quantity of hay.

. . . " Letters, letters! " . . . I prick up my ears and almost at once I hear my name. Seated on my straw, by the light of an old candle-end I have been enjoying your dear letter. . . .

I started on our march this morning in new shoes which I had never worn before. Evidently I am not yet as comfortable with the new footgear as with the old, but I soon grow accustomed to them. And they haven't hurt my feet at all, and that is the principal thing.

I am in an absolutely perfect physical condition and I carry my equipment with ease. Walking, too, has never been my weak point.

Things go even better than usual. Health? More than perfect. Spirits? At the top of Mont Blanc. Enthusiasm, gaiety, and not the shadow of a care.

November 30th.

A splendid night's sleep in a barn full of straw. This morning about half-past five a reveille full of charm. " Get up! Muster in half an hour." Then what an agreeable

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

shoving and pushing and pleasant hunt for one's things gone astray in the straw. . . . Finally . . .

To add to our pleasure, we had no soup before setting out, only a quart of coffee. Enthusiasm!

Then we started. They talked of sixteen kilometres—something special, they must be, since they were equal to twenty-five kilometres of the usual kind. As it was our fourth day of the march, and with our light equipment, you know, the distance seemed to us pretty stiff. . . . But all the fatigue disappeared when we reached the end of our *raid.*

December 3rd.

This morning we left Pont St. Maxence; after a march of fifteen kilometres we have just arrived at Neuilly-sur-Clermont.

IN THE TRENCHES OF THE SOMME

(*January-February*, 1917)[1]

Stood six hours' guard duty in two periods, last night, which I spent walking in the trenches. It began to snow and has only just stopped.

There were only little individual shelters. I was able to sleep last night in spite of my cold feet.

January 17th.

Last night I stood four hours guard in two periods, doing duty with a machine rifle, to replace at my request a sick comrade.

I longed for a little individual shelter where one can stretch out during the hours off duty.

I slept there, but I was awakened by the cold in my feet, which, however, was only temporary, since it disappeared as soon as I had walked a little.

This morning the snow begins again. Yes, our bread was generally frozen, during this last weather in the trenches, and our "*pinard*" (wine) covered with a light skim of ice. Our shoes and our clothes are now dry and the cold in our feet doesn't prevent our sleep any more.

[1]This was the time of the intense and prolonged cold, rare in France. One would never guess it in reading the lines written by the little infantryman during this hard period. His constant desire is not to make things *dramatic.*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

. . . The muddy slime which stuck to us has now solidified and begins to fall off . . .

We were relieved yesterday evening. A long journey in the darkness through the communication trenches. A delightful promenade during which one risks every minute injuring one's countenance by contact with the frozen and slippery gratings.

We finally reached our quarters at four o'clock in the morning. Soup, coffee . . . and we were soon asleep on the meagre and dirty straw of this barn.

. . . Paradise for us after the days on the front line!

I hope that all the same you won't let yourselves be frozen, and I count on you to treat yourselves with more consideration.

We have attained our second coverlet at night and a little more straw. So much the better, because at night one would not easily mistake our barn for a hot bath.

I am always more and more conscious how privileged I am, in comparison with my comrades, and I wonder how those who do not get from their families any help, spiritual or material, can stand such periods as those of our last stay in the front line.

I feel an immense pity for the whole of humanity, for all that lives and suffers, for the enemy as well as for ourselves. This does not weaken me in the least, and in no way interferes with my present task.

Hope, nevertheless, continually . . . ah! but the world now is sad when one thinks of it! . . .

TOWARDS THE BATTLE

(*May*, 1917)

[After his return from Paris, our son passed several weeks with his regiment in a quiet wooded sector. But military happenings had followed one after the other: the falling back of the German armies towards the Hindenburg line; the French offensive in April, followed by desperate fighting north of Rheims, in the region of Chemin des Dames, and at such points as Moronvilliers, hotly disputed for their value as observation points.]

May 16th.

We are leaving this charming summer resort day after to-morrow. We go by automobile. These perpetual distrac-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tions make me frankly nationalistic, and I hope that the war, this pleasure party, will never end.

Feeling very courageous I changed my underclothes, and I washed the said clothes. This proves once again that war is useful, since one learns in it all kinds of trades.

After five hours of automobile (we were a little crowded in these comfortable and rapid vehicles; but what does that matter?) we got down at the door of M—— the P——.

I should not be surprised if pretty soon we did not find ourselves again face to face with the Germans.

Don't be astonished if some day or other the news stops suddenly, even for some little time. Note that it is *just by chance* and *as a simple measure of precaution* that I have made this little remark to you.

I don't know whether the post is regular in this sector, which does not exactly equal the one we have left in tranquility. This thought, however, is far from troubling my peace in the least. We shall see when we get there. And then I have the certainty once again that things will go well with me.

I am indignant at the way they exploit the soldier here: thirty-six sous for a litre of wine; thirty-three sous for camembert cheese; seven sous for a little orange.

Everything goes even better than usual: *spirits excellent and gay,* although I have no doubt but that some disagreeable moments are ahead of us. But, once more, ALL WILL GO WELL.

BEFORE GOING INTO THE TRENCHES

Our Second Lieutenant thinks that we shall have some unpleasant moments, but that it will not be so bad as our stay at Verdun. . . . Let us hope so. . . . He kindly exhorted us to "keep up good spirits," and not to worry ourselves. Thanks for this good counsel, "an endeavor which I take note of" to encourage us.

I went to see a 400 gun which is near. It is fantastic and you can have no conception of the thing until you have seen it with your own eyes. It is in the construction of engines of this kind, destined to the destruction of thinking creatures, that man is expending his intelligence in this twentieth century of our era.

At all costs, and in any way, this must be the end of conflict, this war must be the last.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE BATTLE OF MORONVILLIERS—THE LAST LETTERS

FIRST LINE TRENCHES

May 25th.

Our march to relieve the others last night was pretty hard. First, the road was long. Then, it was very warm and our equipment considerable. Then someone had the happy idea to make us carry our kit into the first line, which added much to our fatigue. Moreover, before going into the trenches, we encountered a fire of single shells, of different calibres, which added a charm to our trip.

We occupy, not shell holes, but a trench. Oh! a trench far from perfect, not deep enough to walk in without bending in many places—but at least, we have a trench, and we must not complain.

The Germans are less than one hundred metres from here, at about seventy-five metres, some say; and others declare fifty metres.

Artillery on both sides keeps up a certain activity; shells all the time overhead.

The Germans didn't aim so badly last night and this morning, and now I can recognize pretty closely by the sound in which zone each shell will fall.

Up to now we have had no experience of barrage fire. Under such conditions *life is perfectly bearable,* in spite of the heat.

May 26th, 1917 (*noon*).

My beloved Parents:

The enemy's artillery continues to show a certain activity. Yesterday afternoon there were a great number of shells, time shells as well as percussion shells, which were intended for the first line. More than once the Germans have suffered reprisal fire which they clamored for.

During the night the artillery on both sides was not silent. The big shells of the enemy seemed to fall farther than during the afternoon. The Germans carried their impudence so far as to bring forward some of their " minnies " which, however, did not fall in our immediate region.

We profited by the night to organize our little trench. We deepened it and then constructed a little roof with our

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tent covers, the only way to protect us from the rays of the sun.

This morning the Germans struck furiously at our first line with a long fire of big shells (150 or 210?), battering all the region and luckily falling a little too far, but occasionally nearer than we could have wished.

Then followed a lull. And now the Germans are beginning to fire again—but it is a fire much less frequent than that of this morning, with shells that fall at a distance that is more than respectable. Nothing very serious nor annoying. We, too, are sending over some shells to the Germans just now: that won't do them any harm.

There is a great activity in the air forces. The foe's airplanes show a rare indiscretion, trying continually to observe what doesn't concern them. From time to time they get a taste of artillery fire; too seldom, according to my opinion.

Last night we had pretty good rations: wine, coffee, meat, bread, a drop of brandy. Bringing up supplies here is a difficult undertaking: first, one has to go far to fetch it, and in addition, the shells sometimes, it seems, take a little trip into that region. Shall I be sent to-night on supply duty? I don't know, and besides it doesn't matter. (Well, well! a good dressing of 75's for our comrades opposite.)

. . . Splendid weather, perhaps a little warm . . .

I am still absolutely ignorant how long a time we are to spend here.

More confidence and serenity than ever. I am in perfect condition from every point of view.

Courage and optimism for you, too. And not too much work.

I think of you unceasingly with a great tenderness, and I embrace you with all my filial affection and gratitude.

Your loving son.

P. S.—We have not had a single wounded man up to the present. Love.

THE FIRST MESSAGE FROM THE MISSING

[On May 27th, Whitsunday, about four o'clock in the morning, in the course of an attack by the enemy, our son was captured. The French line, at first shaken, was later restored. But the regiment had suffered so that it was necessary to fall back. It was honored by a mention in

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the orders of the army corps: "The —— Regiment of Infantry during the days of the 26th and 27th of May, in spite of a bombardment of an unheard-of intensity of shells of large calibre and gas shells, withstood obstinate and violent attacks, constantly renewed by a furious enemy, superior in number. Outflanked at several points of its line, it has succeeded, in spite of severe losses, and in spite of considerable physical difficulties, in maintaining the integrity of its position, thanks to the energetic and brilliant counter-attacks almost man against man."

What had happened to our son? Was he wounded at the time he was captured? Had he been able to pass uninjured, on his way to the German lines, the zone covered by the French barrage fire?

At last, July 2nd, the following message arrived:]

May 28th, 1917.

MY BELOVED PARENTS:

I am now a prisoner, sound and in good health. All goes well. I have not yet a final address. My love.

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS WRITTEN WHILE CAPTIVE IN THE INVADED REGIONS

[After he was captured, our son was not transferred to Germany into a regular prison camp, but was kept in the invaded regions, in a spot unknown to us, and in which "military reasons" prevented his being visited by a German pastor, even though he was a chaplain. During the three first months he was brigaded in a "battalion of French laborers." From the end of June he begged us to send him "nourishing and strengthening food, by the quickest way." But during the first six months he acknowledged the receipt of only two packages of provisions. We have reason to think that he was twice in the hospital for a short stay, for what cause we do not know; we have never known either the nature of his occupations nor the way in which he is lodged, clothed or fed. The only thing that is certain is that he passed eight months in the realm of secrecy, arbitrary power and misery.

Before then our son wrote to us every day with absolute regularity. . . . The brusque interruption of this filial correspondence did not shake his morale; from the depths of his solitude, his messages that took so long in coming, have always rung out like a virile call to energy and hope.]

June 30th, 1917.

I am still in perfect health and in excellent spirits; I have optimism, hope and faith. I look into the future. I shall come back to you with a treasure of priceless experiences; I shall have become a man, and it is with confidence that I shall prepare myself to approach the life which now I am sure of knowing some day. With what eagerness I shall

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

furnish my mind with all the knowledge that it lacks! What exciting conversations lie ahead!

July 15*th.*

Everything is going well with me. I am sure that you are full of confidence in regard to me, and that my present condition is the cause of great consolation to you.

September 1*st.*

A service as great as the correspondence of prisoners cannot work without some hitches from time to time. It is therefore not astonishing if my letters for a certain time fail to reach you.

. . . As regards food, I should be glad to receive anything at all, provided it is permitted to send it: dried vegetables and canned things would seem to be the best. I should like books of all sorts which you may choose among well-known authors who write well, and in cheap editions. As for clothes, I should like to be the possessor of two warm shirts, two good pair of drawers, a sweater, a muffler, three pair of good stockings, three towels and some handkerchiefs. Add to the package a tooth-brush and insect powder for vermin. Sending soap is prohibited. But, let me say once more, that as this will be only one trial-sending, and as so many packages get lost, avoid making an expensive parcel, and let a judicious number of days elapse between the departure of the packages; I should be sorry to have you go to unnecessary expense for me.

Things continue to go better than ever for me: health is perfect, and the conditions of our life from all points of view are good (some changes for the better have taken place). I lead an existence that is very quiet and have enormous leisure. If I can get some food from you and books, I shall be as happy as a king. Up to now I have had only a comedy of Alfred Capus and Alphonse Daudet's *Jack,* a work which I am now reading passionately. But all the same, I tell you, that even without a package, my present life has nothing in it that may not be borne and that I am not exactly to be pitied. So be fully reassured on this matter and think of me only with serenity and confidence.

Now that our joyful reunion has become a certainty, all we have to do is to learn how to wait with patience, calm and gaiety, without the slightest worry on my account. I shall have learned by personal experiences what home life is worth;

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

I shall know better than others how to enjoy it and to profit by my family after the trials I have gone through; and I assure you that I shall give myself to make you share my happiness, and that to this task all my faculties will be devoted. Such thoughts fill me with continual joy. So follow my example, and live in joy and hope.

. . . As for parcels, I dare not count too much on their arriving soon. It will be fine if they reach me . . . and too bad if they are lost.

August 23rd.

Limit severely the number of the parcels you send and do not let them be too expensive. This, to avoid too much expense which would be useless if the parcels are lost.

October 1st.

Superior force (nothing disagreeable, quite the contrary) prevented my writing my last letter and my card before last.[1] . . . I have received numerous messages from you. Don't be astonished if my mail arouses general admiration, even a slight envy among the others! Once more I am a privileged one. I hope that you receive news from me with the same regularity; then nothing will be missing in our happiness.

The New Testament which Mamma gave me and which I carry constantly, has come uninjured through the fray. I keep this souvenir carefully, as it seems to bring me nearer to you. Lately I have re-read the whole of the New Testament, making written notes.

. . . It is indeed comforting to think that when we lift our eyes towards the sky we see at the same time, you and I, the same spectacle: the sun, the stars, the moon—what a beautiful rendezvous! Besides, I pray for you daily, which helps powerfully to keep up a close communion of thoughts.

Things go better and better with me from every point of view, and I am now the happiest of mortals.

October 21st.

I believe that you are continuing to take yourselves in hand in regard to me, and that I am for you a constant source of comfort, in the moments when my letters fail to reach you as well as in those when you receive them.

[1]Technically he has the right to write two letters and four postcards each month.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

November 1*st.*

I received the *Petite Histoire de la Littérature Française* of Faguet. I am now enjoying this work, which delights me. I look back with emotion on the good old days of my studies. . . . How far away all that is! But the past is eternal and lives always within us.

. . . As for the contents of the parcels, the food is far and away the most important element: the books themselves, though they constitute a very telling part, take a second place, way behind the food.

This morning I admired some splendid trees with thick reddish foliage which stood out against the pale blue sky, and of course these marvels made me think of you. I said to myself: "How my beloved parents would love this landscape!" From which it results that there is only one and the same beauty, Beauty, since the beauty of nature leads to the thought of the incomparable beauty in the soul of those one loves.

Forgive the faults in certain passages and the poorness of the style of this rubbish; but the impossibility of scratching out[1] prevents me from retouching what I should like to correct after re-reading.

November 15*th.*

Memories, intimate treasure, never leave my mind. I often see again a tortoise-head in blue porcelain found in a great empty basin, near Hyeres,[2] and a flowering artichoke in Auvergne.[3] These are one's personal property, inviolable. And how should one not live in serenity and confidence when one knows that our present separation (moreover, a purely physical one) is only a bridge connecting this happy past to a future full of promise? To know how to wait, simply, without worry, that is everything; I conform without trouble and quite naturally to this programme.

November 19*th.*

The best way in which you can help me at present is to send me food from time to time.

Serenity, untiring serenity.

[1]Prisoners are forbidden to do this.
[2]He was four years old.
[3]He was two years old.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE BAGDAD RAILWAY

BY H. CHARLES WOODS, F.R.G.S.

THE importance of the Bagdad Railway is due to the fact that it constitutes the backbone of Ottoman power and utility in the War. This is the case for two distinct reasons. Firstly, whilst the adhesion of Turkey to the enemy cause would in any case have been a considerable augmentation of the forces of the Central Powers, had it not been for the existence of this line, these forces, together with the officers and instructors furnished by Germany, could not have been dispatched to and employed in areas where their presence was and is much more useful than had it even been possible to bring them to the French, Italian or Russian fronts. Thus were it not for this means of communication, Ottoman resistance in Mesopotamia and in Syria could have been discounted as a practical consideration in the War, and the sending of Turkish troops and reinforcements to North-eastern Asia Minor would have been a much more lengthy and difficult operation than in fact has been the case.

The second direction in which the railways of Asiatic Turkey have significance, not only in the present War, but also in the numerous Turkish campaigns which preceded it, depends upon the opportunities which they give for the maintenance of Ottoman authority in the interior and especially for the enforcement of military service upon the population. The opening up of the country during recent years has enabled the Government to quell more than one insurrection in distant parts of the empire. This facility has been particularly valuable in the case of the Hedjaz, where there have been several rebellions. Moreover, the existence of railways renders possible a comparatively rapid mobilization of at least parts of Turkey's fighting strength. But this in its turn has rather a curious effect, for it means that military

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

service is not only much more strictly enforced among the sections of the population domiciled near to railways, but that the reserves furnished from these districts are often called out long before much younger men, recruited from more remote districts have performed their military obligations.

In order to explain the war importance of the Bagdad Railway I shall describe as accurately as is possible the progress made by that line. Starting from Haidar Pasha, opposite to Constantinople, it is now possible to travel by train or by water across the greater part of the areas which lie between the Ottoman capital and Bagdad on the one hand and the Egyptian frontier on the other. The Taurus tunnels where there was previously a gap of about thirty miles, were pierced in November, 1916, and they are now open to traffic, which for some months was maintained and which is still probably being maintained by a narrow-gauge railway. More or less through communication has therefore been established right across the Anatolian Plateau, along the Plain of Cilicia, and through the Amanus Range, where the great Bagche tunnel was only completed in the late summer of 1915, to a junction about ten miles to the north of Aleppo. From here the northern prong, or Bagdad Railway proper, continues its way in an easterly direction, crossing the Euphrates at Jerablus, where the permanent bridge was only finished in 1915, as far as Hélif and probably to Nesibin. At the other or Bagdad end, the railway has been completed in a northerly direction up to Samarra. If we take it that the respective termini are at Hélif and at Samarra, this means that out of the total distance of approximately fifteen hundred miles from Constantinople to Bagdad, about twelve hundred miles can be accomplished by train.

So far as the Mesopotamia Campaign be concerned the advantages accruing to Turkey and to Germany from the Bagdad Railway are so obvious as to require practically no comment here. To summarize these advantages, they mean that had it not been for the existence of that line, that campaign would probably never have taken place at all, or at any rate that its importance would have been so small as to place it in a category of third-rate significance. On the one hand this is the case because, without railway communications, the Turks would have had enough to do to defend their north-eastern frontier against a Russian advance and because there-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

fore they would have had no forces available with which to threaten the British positions on the Persian Gulf and in Persia—positions for the safeguarding of which we were compelled to undertake these costly and difficult operations. And, on the other hand, it must have been at least in part the existence of the Bagdad Railway and especially its ever continuing improvements, to which I have already alluded, that influenced those responsible for originally pushing forward in Mesopotamia for a distance and in a manner otherwise entirely unjustified considering the forces available, the inadequate preparations, and the difficulty of the country. Thus, the necessity for forestalling the Turks before they could effectively improve the Bagdad line was undoubtedly a good reason for the sending of a Mesopotamia expedition directly after the entry of Turkey into the War and at a moment when the presence of every available British soldier was of the utmost value elsewhere. Moreover, had the Ottoman Government been left a free hand and had the finished parts of the line therefore been available for the transportation of railway material instead of being required for the conveyance of Turkish troops to the East, there can be no doubt that much further progress could have been made both on the main route and with its several branches, and that as a consequence the situation in the East would be even more serious than it is to-day.

Though this is not perhaps so apparent at first sight, the railway, together with the branch from Eskishehr to Angora, is also responsible for providing a quicker and easier means of communication between Constantinople and Eastern Asia Minor than would otherwise have existed so long as the Black Sea was closed to Turkish traffic by a Russian fleet. Thus the distances to be covered by road between Hélif or Nisibin and the areas of the former Turco-Russian Campaign are much less than those which would otherwise have had to be traversed from Constantinople or even from Angora. Moreover, even with the Black Sea route open, as it is to-day, and even with the enemy in possession of the Caucasian railways formerly belonging to Russia, it is highly probable that quicker transit between the Bosphorus and such places as Mush, Bitlis and Van could be effected by means of the Bagdad Railway than by way of the southern or eastern ports of the Black Sea.

Ignoring for the moment the all important Syrian rail-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ways, which will be considered later, there is another branch which has played its part in the War. I refer to the line from Afiun-Karahissar to Smyrna, together with its feeder running to Panderma on the southern shore of the Sea of Marmora. These lines, which prior to the War were worked by a French company under a special arrangement with the Government, but which have since been taken over by the Turks, were possessed of considerable significance during the Dardanelles campaign, for it was partly on account of their existence that troops were able to be conveyed to districts which lie in the immediate vicinity of the Asiatic coast of the Straits. Thus, as communication by way of the Sea of Marmora was rendered insecure by the presence of British submarines, and as the road across the Isthmus of Bulair could be commanded and therefore rendered to a great extent useless from the sea, there seems no doubt that the enemy brought up many of his reinforcements by that route, which left them to face the dangers of a sea passage far shorter in length than that which had to be risked from Constantinople.

So much for the military importance of the Bagdad Railway itself. Turning to the Syrian railways, which, geographically speaking, form a sort of southern prong of the Bagdad line, but which are not politically part of it, I will discuss these lines in their relation to the German system. As far as Aleppo, about eight hundred and forty miles from Constantinople, the Anatolian and Bagdad railways serve as a means of communication with the south as well as with the east. From Aleppo the southern prong, before the War owned partly by French companies and partly by the Turks themselves, runs by way of Rayak, where there is a break of gauge, and of Damascus to Deraia. From this point there are two routes. The first is by the Hedjaz line, which continues its way in a southerly direction as far as Medina. The second bends from Deraia in a westerly direction towards Haifa, but before reaching that port turns south near Nazareth, ultimately extending as far as Bir Auja, about thirty-five miles to the southwest of Beersheba. The last section of this line, namely, that to the south of Nazareth, was built by the Turks and Germans after the outbreak of the War.

The above details are sufficient to prove that the Syrian lines have been and are possessed of a war importance almost equal to that of the Bagdad Railway. Had it not been for their existence the danger of threatened attacks upon Egypt

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

during the earlier stages of the present conflagration could have been practically ignored. Equally well, or still more, it was largely the completion of the new line on the west of the Jordan which enabled the Turks to bring up the reenforcements with which they so determinedly resisted the British advance upon Jerusalem. As in the case of the Bagdad Railway, too, our plan of campaign for the defence of Egypt must have been influenced by the knowledge of the existence of these lines and of their ever increasing prolongation. Thus, had we waited to establish a line of adequate defences in an area situated at a safe distance to the east of the canal, until the opening of the Taurus and Amanus tunnels and until the completion of the new railway on the west of the Jordan, it is obvious that the magnitude of our task and the dangers of the situation would have been enormously increased.

The historical development of the Bagdad Railway scheme should be considered as having taken place in two phases—the first lasting until the year 1888, and the second extending from that time until the present date, and therefore covering the period during which the Germans were carefully preparing to meet the conditions likely to arise in case of a European war.

The present Bagdad line is by no means the first that has been under consideration. The idea of connecting the Mediterranean with the Persian Gulf by an overland route, and therefore of shortening the journey round the Cape or across the Isthmus of Suez, was first suggested about the year 1835. Under discussion for many years, the original plan—a plan largely based upon the detailed survey made by Colonel Chesney in 1835-1837—was to avoid Asia Minor altogether, and to start the proposed railway not from the Bosphorus but from some point on the Eastern Mediterranean. Negotiations and pourparlers on the merits of the various lines were in progress for many years, a company being formed for the purpose of realizing Colonel Chesney's plan in the early fifties. This company being unable to raise the necessary funds, and the British Government having refused its support to the scheme in 1857, the question lapsed until 1872, when it was referred to a Parliamentary Commission, which approved of the construction of a line by the route advocated by Colonel Chesney. Subsequently, however, the idea was dropped in favor of one by which early in 1876 England pur-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

chased shares to the value of £4,000,000 in the Suez Canal, which had been open to traffic since 1869.

From this time onwards two reasons gradually led up to the idea of connecting not the Mediterranean but the Bosphorus with the Persian Gulf. The first of these was that, whilst in earlier times there was no railway nearer than Brindisi on the overland route to India, from the opening of the through line to Constantinople in 1888, it was natural, if there was to be an overland route to the Persian Gulf at all, that such a route should follow a line which would necessitate the shortest sea passage. The other and from political and military points of view far more important reason for the change of plan was that German influence, gradually developed in Turkey since the accession of the present Emperor to the throne, has been entirely directed towards the construction of railways which would not be easy of attack and communications which could not be cut by a group of Powers with the command of the sea.

Up to the year 1888, when the second phase began, the only railways existing in Asia Minor were the Smyrna-Aidin, the Smyrna-Kassaba, the Mersina-Adana, and the Haidar Pasha (Scutari)-Ismid lines. All these railways were completely, or at least practically, in the hands of English capitalists. The Scutari-Ismid line, which now constitutes the first section of the Anatolian and therefore of the Bagdad Railway, having been built by the Turks, was leased to a British company in 1880 for a period of twenty years. In 1888, however, the Turks, influenced by the Germans, dispossessed the British company and handed the line over to a German syndicate financed by the Deutsche Bank of Berlin, which then became the moving spirit in all the schemes of Germanic railway construction in the Asiatic dominions of the Sultan. Moreover, the Germans secured two Imperial Iradés, the one giving them the control of this line for a period of ninety-nine years, and the other granting them the right of extending it by way of Eskishehr to Angora, and therefore for a further three hundred miles.

It is unnecessary here to go into the details of the various concessions as a result of which the line has been prolonged from Eskishehr to its present terminus. It is sufficient to say that in 1893 the Germans were granted the right of building a railway to Konia, and that from the time of its completion, three years later, the plan for the prolongation of that line

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to the Persian Gulf became more definite and precise. The Kaiser, who had paid his first visit to Constantinople in 1889—a visit more or less connected with the then recent grabbing of the Haidar Pasha-Ismid Railway by the Germans and with its prolongation to Angora, to which I have already referred—went to Turkey again in the year 1898. It was this, his second visit, and the appointment of Baron Marshal von Bieberstein as German Ambassador in Constantinople in 1897, that led to the promise of a concession for the present railway—a promise which I believe was made verbally in 1898.

That promise was followed by a preliminary Convention signed between Doctor Siemens—then Director of the Deutsche Bank—and the Porte. That Convention gave to the Anatolian Railway Company, in principle, the right of constructing a line from Konia to the Persian Gulf. In 1902 a formal Convention was approved by the Sultan—a Convention which in its turn served as the basis of the final agreement of March 5, 1903. This agreement, which constitutes the real charter of the Bagdad Railway, was actually signed between representatives of the Ottoman Government on the one hand and those of the Anatolian Railway Company on the other. But as the Anatolian Railway Company was so blatantly German, and as the Deutsche Bank, at that time, wished to cater for international financial support, it was carefully arranged before the signature of the Convention that a new company to be known as the " Imperial Ottoman Bagdad Railway Company," should take over the concession actually given to men who acted as nominees of the Deutsche Bank and of the Anatolian Company when they signed the agreement. The new company, with a capital of £600,000, was formed on the very day on which the concession was signed.

Between 1903 and the outbreak of the War, whilst various supplementary agreements were made, the most important was that concluded in 1911 concerning the Port of Alexandretta and the last section of railway—namely, that to the south of Bagdad. With regard to the first of these questions the great significance of the arrangements, made in connection with Alexandretta, is due to the fact that they finally disposed of the idea of a modification in the original route—a widely discussed modification which would have taken the main line by way of Alexandretta to Aleppo instead of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

by the present more northerly route via Bagche. The fact that this modification was not accepted, and that the line now follows approximately the route originally defined by the concession, means that in place of running absolutely along the seacoast for a good many miles, the railway now approaches the coast nowhere within a distance of less than ten miles. Under German influence the Turks thereby avoided what would have been a continual menace to their communications from the sea; for, whilst the section of the railway in the neighborhood of the Gulf of Alexandretta is still the one most easy of attack, that attack would now constitute a far larger undertaking than were the line to have run close to the water's edge. This in itself is sufficient to prove that the Germans having determined to connect the Bosphorus with the Persian Gulf, never lost sight of the question of counteracting the value of sea-power, and that they constructed their line for military and not for commercial purposes.

Politically and commercially, the right given to the company to construct the branch to and the port at Alexandretta went far beyond anything foreseen in the original concession. The Turks were already committed by that arrangement not to grant concessions for railways running to the coast between Mersina and Tripoli to any group except the Bagdad company. But this did not anticipate the giving to it rights to be enjoyed for a period of ninety-nine years from the time of the completion of the railway to Hélif, rights which really amounted to a lease, and facilities which might almost be compared to those formally enjoyed by the Germans at Kiao-Chao. The concessionaires obtained the power to build quays, docks, and warehouses, and to police a port which, unlike Haidar Pasha within closed Turkish waters, is situated in an area over which the Turks could have no direct control so long as they did not possess the command of the sea. Commercially speaking, too, the acquisition of such a prize was of supreme value to Germany, for the possession of Alexandretta once and for all removed any danger of competition for the Bagdad Railway.

Over and above the arrangements made in regard to Alexandretta (conventions 2 and 3), we have in the 1911 arrangements, firstly, the financial provision for the building of the line from Hélif to Bagdad, and, secondly, some sort of German undertaking in regard to the ownership and control of the section to be built from Bagdad to the Persian

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Gulf. Whilst no detailed official statement has, so far as I know, been published upon the last-mentioned question, it was common knowledge, knowledge now confirmed in the disclosures of Prince Lichnowsky, that in 1911 the company renounced its right to the construction of the section from Bagdad to the Gulf in exchange for the Alexandretta concession. This arrangement followed almost immediately the meeting of the ex-Tsar with the Emperor at Potsdam in November, 1910, a meeting during which the relations existing between Russia and Germany were temporarily adjusted. Though the exact nature of that arrangement was not known until afterwards, it is now certain that Russia agreed no longer to oppose the construction of the Bagdad Railway, and either herself to build or allow the Germans to build a line from Khanikin—the terminus of a branch already agreed upon between Turkey and the Bagdad Company—to Teheran. As compensation for this, the Russian position in Northern Persia was recognized by Germany. It remained then for Berlin to treat with England and France for agreements concerning future developments in their respective spheres. The Tripoli War of 1911 and the Balkan War of 1912 were not, however, favorable periods for negotiation, and it was thus only in 1913 that Turkey, in agreement with Germany, despatched to London the ex-Grand Vizier—Hakki Pasha—to try to bring about agreements to be drawn up between the Foreign Office, the German Embassy, and the Ottoman Embassy—agreements to settle the outstanding differences as regards the Bagdad-Persian Gulf section and other cognate matters of river transport in these regions. These agreements obviously presupposed a continuance of friendly and peaceful relations between Turkey, Germany and Great Britain and, as Prince Lichnowsky tells us, they were practically already concluded when in August, 1914, Great Britain found herself compelled to declare war on Germany, Turkey subsequently throwing in her lot with the enemy. That this was the state of things on the very eve of the War clearly proves the absolute falseness of all such statements as those sometimes made, to the effect that Russia and France have consistently co-operated with England in preventing the completion of the Bagdad Railway.

The present is a moment at which it is difficult, if not undesirable, to make a detailed forecast as to the future of the Bagdad Railway, and of the other lines in Asiatic Turkey.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The only alternative is, therefore, to say that two things seem certain—firstly, that sooner or later the Bagdad or some other line from the Bosphorus to the Persian Gulf will be completed; and secondly, that its ownership and control must depend not so much upon any agreements already made as upon the results of the War and particularly upon the fate of Turkey. In regard to this latter, the Allies must leave no stone unturned to prevent the conclusion of a peace which would leave the enemy still possessed of the predominating control in an undertaking which, once it is robbed of its political significance, can easily be established upon an international basis and controlled as a result of the adoption of some scheme of internationalization. That scheme must depend upon the future status of the now Asiatic dominions of the Sultan. If there are to be spheres of influence or protection, then the main lines and their branches in these various spheres will pass under the control of the Power or Powers responsible for that protection. That control will have to be extended in such a way that the susceptibilities of the races which make up the population shall not be offended. If, on the other hand, Asiatic Turkey be not divided into such spheres, or if only part of it be so divided, then, as I do not believe that the Turks can manage their railways without foreign assistance, some scheme of internationalization will have to be devised for the railways in the areas still left under the direct rule of the Sultan. Whether that scheme should give to each country or to each group of countries the lines in a particular district—a plan at one time suggested for the Bagdad Railway—or whether the railways in question should be internationalized as a whole, are questions which cannot be decided until the advent of peace.

H. Charles Woods.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

INTERNATIONAL COMITY AND THE JAPANESE WOMAN

BY JOHN COLE McKIM, M.A.

I

INTERNATIONAL friction may arise from a conflict of interests, but international comity can be based only upon a high degree of mutual understanding and sympathy. This goes far to explain the difficulties which lie in the path of those who would see the mutual regard of the American and the Japanese people informed by a spirit of enduring friendship. There is no lack, on either side, of the will to be friendly. The conflict, whether actual or potential, of the just interests of Japan and America is comparatively slight. Yet the Japanese bogey in America and (to an even greater degree) the American bogey in Japan is used with some measure of effectiveness by the jingo publicist and politician.

The alarms thus unworthily aroused, though informing but a small section of responsible thought, must contain, so long as they survive, a menace to international understanding; and they have not been allayed by the frankest possible explanations, by the most lucid protestations of friendly intent, nor by clearly substantiated assertions of the absence of any marked conflict of legitimate interests. They cannot be so allayed because they derive their main strength from something more subtle and dangerous than an obvious and therefore adjustable conflict of interest.

For if one comes to think of a people as being so altogether peculiar in its natural affections as would render it something more or less than human—as composed of beings into whose motives one cannot possibly enter, the springs of whose action one cannot possibly understand—a state of mind is produced that is absolutely preventive of sympathetic intercourse. It is not that such intercourse is interrupted by

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a temporary conflict of interests, but that it is made permanently impossible by a fundamental misunderstanding.

That some such feeling with regard to the Japanese people is widely entertained in English-speaking countries is scarcely to be denied. For this circumstance a large amount of ill-informed writing (often the work of travellers whose brief experience has been confined to places which cater especially to the great tourist trade) is largely responsible. The vast majority of these books and articles are written either in a tone of adulation so fulsome as to be what is probably the sole ground of the charge that the writers are subsidized by Japanese, or else in a spirit of condemnation so unmitigated as to make a sensitive people suspect the presence of ulterior motives.

Of the two sorts of writing the first, naturally, is the less irritating to the Japanese, but neither is calculated to convey the impression that the Japanese are an entirely human people whose differences to others, however striking, are to be accounted for quite reasonably by geographical, climatic, historical, economic, and religious circumstances.

II

Of peculiar interest to the flying tourist are Japanese family life and cognate subjects. It is very curious that the particular side of life concerning which people of all nations are the most reticent should be thought of as peculiarly a fit subject for the pen of the casual globe-trotter; and it is not surprising that most of what has been written on this point should as much mislead the American reader by its inaccuracy as it is calculated to annoy the Japanese by its injustice.

The quotations of which I make use are from an article which appeared in a popular American magazine, which I happen to have before me as I write, with the rather unusual title, *Japan: A Land Unawakened.* But it is not to be supposed that this excellent periodical is an exceptional or intentional offender. This particular article is one of a large number of similar productions, but it is convenient to use it as a reference not only because it lies ready to my hand but also because it is highly typical of them all. This is not by any means the first time that the Japanese woman has been presented to the American reader as an object of commisera-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tion nor the Japanese man as correspondingly deserving of execration.

But there is very little truth behind these representations. They are frequently based upon the superficial observations of transient tourists who are temperamentally disposed to find the customs of a foreign country irksome. In some cases the experience which informs the pens of these ready writers scarcely extends beyond the failure to secure a seat in a crowded Tokio tram. It is indeed quite true that Japanese etiquette does not require a man to surrender his seat to a woman, but neither, as some writers seem to wish us to suppose, is a woman expected to surrender her seat to a man. And, though most sensible persons will conform, as, I think, Japanese travellers in America do conform, to the harmless customs of the country in which they find themselves, neither will any sensible person care to argue that there exists an abstract principle on which one able-bodied person should surrender his seat to another. One thing is certain: an aged or infirm person of either sex may confidently expect to secure a seat in the average Japanese street-car, however crowded.[1] Sometimes, even, the instinctive courtesy of the Japanese who has traveled abroad or who has read of foreign ways will prompt him to offer his seat to an American woman simply because he thinks she might perhaps expect it in her own country,—an extraordinary courtesy, quite uncalled for by Japanese etiquette, and one which I have seen accepted without any sign of acknowledgment.

Again, a Japanese man will bow, removing his hat if he have one, upon meeting a woman of his acquaintance. That he extends exactly the same courtesy to his male friends ought not, surely, to invite censure. In cases where custom must regulate precedence, as in going along a narrow road or in entering or leaving the room, it is ordinarily the man (as with us the woman) who goes first. This rule, like ours, is subject to some modification, but neither seems, on abstract grounds, preferable to the other, nor does either bear any more relation than does the other to the question of "equal rights."

Or, again (when we remember that a Japanese house contains no chairs, that a Japanese ordinarily sits on knees

[1] Just as this goes to the post a friend has told me of several incidents inconsistent with this statement. These incidents, though well vouched for, are, I think, exceptional. And, so far as they occur they certainly constitute an innovation upon the *native* etiquette of Old Japan.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and heels, and that a bow made in that position is the merest of indoor courtesies) why should it be held up for execration that "when the husband enters the house, the wife, kneeling, places three fingers of her hands[1] upon the floor and bows low"? Such a bow as is here described is about equivalent to a nod from within an easy chair. She would make a much lower bow to an ordinary guest, and it would be far more irksome to her to be obliged to stand up or to bow in any other position than "kneeling." As a matter of fact, husband and wife are expected to use language with each other which would be deemed disrespectful if used with anyone else of corresponding social rank, because Japanese etiquette ordinarily requires the use of derogatory language concerning anything that pertains to one's self.

What is there to be said, then, for the foreigner who complains not that she is treated with lack of courtesy but that others are given equal consideration; or what of the Christian emissary who lays claim to higher dignity than appertains to the common humanity which has been raised above the angels?

But we may pass somewhat lightly over this question of etiquette because, in most countries, it is regulated by old custom and is observed mainly because *some* system is necessary and the one in local use is customary. If it be held that etiquette bears any very important relationship to morality there is, perhaps, something to be said for the system that lays the least emphasis on sex. And in leaving this aspect of the subject it may be submitted that bows are certainly not servile when they are exchanged. It may be added that in the matter of formal etiquette we have nothing to teach the Japanese about courtesy to anyone. Surely we should not grudge this meed of credit to a people that, for the last sixty years, has, with combined good sense and modesty, learned so many things of us.

III

On what, then, are based these so facile complaints not of the Japanese woman but of the foreign tourist? The article before me makes some very ludicrous statements about the legal status of the Japanese woman. As a matter of fact

[1] The significance of this is of course lost upon a writer who appears to have spent about two months in Japan. To greet an ordinary guest, not three fingers only but the whole of both palms must be flat on the floor and the forehead must be brought down to the backs of the hands.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the Japanese woman has a legal status which compares surprisingly well with that of her brother. It is true that she cannot vote, but neither, in nine cases out of ten, can he. Let me examine in detail some of the truly remarkable allegations in the article which I am taking as a type.

"The typical high-school for girls," we are told, "limits the education to sewing and etiquette." My knowledge of this point should be exceptionally exact as, among my other duties, I have the oversight of a small high-school girls' hostel and examine the school reports of the inmates. The subjects on which high-school girls in this inland town of less than 50,000 inhabitants are marked include mathematics, geography, English, history, ethics, "domestic science," needlework, Japanese (corresponding to our "English" courses), music, drawing, etiquette and physical culture. This is an ordinary Government high-school. Domestic science and needlework appear to take the place given in boys' schools to physics and chemistry. This does not seem an unreasonable amount of vocational study for those who expect to spend their lives as wives and mothers. Nor does the inclusion of etiquette appear to be an evil.

Again, we are asked to believe that: "Woman's degradation has spread immorality in Japan. In every large city there is a segregated district. Young girls are sold by their parents[1] for a three or five year period of bondage. . . . A girl cannot get away. A wall surrounds the district, and a soldier stands at the gate. Once inside there is no escape."

The only item of truth in this extraordinary statement is that Japan, like some western nations, tries to enforce the segregation of vice. The sale of a girl for such a purpose would have no standing in law, and in all of my district with its more than a million inhabitants I have never heard of a single instance which remotely resembled such a transaction.

The law does provide facilities for the escape of girls who wish to reform,—facilities of which benevolent societies take constant advantage. A girl who does *not* wish to reform may not, legally, ply her trade elsewhere than in the segregated district. Whatever advantages are held to arise from the system of reglementation are, of course, lost wherever this rule is not enforced.

There are, in the district where I live, at least four towns

[1] An unwary use of the plural by one who, to be consistent, should maintain that the mother had no voice in the transaction.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

with segregated districts. In three of these places there is no wall or fence of any sort. This is remarkable in a country where walls and fences are very much the fashion,—where the humblest householder likes to have a six-foot fence about his little plot. In two of these towns the district is so situated that I have had, once or twice, to pass through it upon my ordinary occasions. In one place I did not guess that I was in the "quarter" until I had passed nearly through it and then deduced it only from the fact that what looked like a street of small hotels seemed singularly quiet at two in the afternoon. I venture to think that a person newly arrived from America might walk through that quarter at any daylight hour without suspecting its nature.

The "soldier at the gate" is, need I say, a myth. In garrison towns a military policeman may, sometimes, be seen. But his concern is for the inmates not of the "quarter" but of the local barracks.[1] In short, the circumstances which combine to make escape difficult are not created by law, but are such as operate to the same end elsewhere. Of course girls are sometimes lured away by the offer of factory work. Even here there is, strictly speaking, no "sale." But a certain percentage of wages is advanced which must be worked off. If these girls are, as is sometimes alleged, ever forced into the "quarter," I am convinced that the parents are, in practically all cases, genuinely deceived.

In the matter of marriage, custom, which is to some extent supported by law, gives certain not especially unreasonable powers to the head of the house. But this is not a discrimination made with a view to sex. It proceeds from the great value which is attached to the integrity of the family

[1] The following figures are given as showing the incidence of venereal disease per annum, per thousand men, in the armies of the countries named:

A. D. 1906	GERMANY	19.8	A. D. 1906	RUSSIA	62.7
1906	FRANCE	28.6	1907	GR. BRITAIN	68.4
1907	JAPAN	37.6	1907	U. S.	167.8

Thus whatever may be said of segregation on general principles it appears to be useful to those who are responsible for the health of soldiers. In the Japanese army a soldier who is known to have visited a clandestine brothel is liable to severe punishment. These figures, taken by themselves, might be thought to point to a difference as between the long-term voluntarily enlisted soldiers of England and America as compared with short-term conscripts of other countries. But other figures, tending to show that venereal disease is more common among civilians than among soldiers, militate against this conclusion. The figures are also, so far as they go, distinctly unfavorable to some of the advocates of teetotalism in the Army canteen. With a "dry" canteen, venereal disease in the United States Army appears to have increased from 167.8 in 1907 to 196.99 in 1909. These are the latest figures per thousand per annum to which I now have access.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and to the perpetuation of the family name. This becomes quite clear when it is understood that the head of the house may be a woman. This often occurs in the case of women who have no brothers. In such cases the husband (usually a younger brother in his own family) takes the family name of the wife, which is, in this way, perpetuated. That this is no twentieth century concession to imported prejudices may be inferred from the fact that one of the earliest scientific censuses (that of A.D. 1872) found 176,721 of these female heads of houses. The number of persons in these houses was over one million.

So far as divorce is concerned, both sexes are allowed very great freedom, divorce by mutual consent being perfectly legal.

It is also stated in the article before me that "the women of Japan have no rights,—no property rights, no rights over even their own children." This is quite erroneous. The statement has no basis in fact either as regards law or custom. So long as a married couple lives in wedlock things go along, *mutatis mutandis,* very much as they do in any country. Where there is any difference of which the law can take cognizance there is a certain presumption (as in most countries) on the side of the head of the house. But this presumption can be overthrown by evidence, and in Japan, where the head of the house need not be of the male sex, it cannot be cited as an instance of sex legislation.[1]

[1] The reader is referred to the *Civil Code of Japan.*

The law (Civ. Code Art. 793) recognizes and enforces prenuptial contracts. They must be genuinely prenuptial, i.e., made before the registration of the marriage (Art. 796) and neither party may jeopardize the interests of his or her legal heirs (Art. 794).

In cases where there is no prenuptial contract, the law provides that the head of the house is responsible for "all expenses arising from the marriage," i.e., for the support, etc., of his or her spouse and children. (Art. 798). According to Art. 799, the head of the house is entitled to "use and acquire profit from the property of his or her spouse in accordance with its use"; and he (or she) is correspondingly obliged to "pay out of the fruits of the property of his or her spouse the interest on the obligations which the latter bears." Art. 803 provides that "In case the husband manages the wife's property, a court may, upon demand of the wife, order the husband to furnish proper security with regard to the management and restitution of the property, should such a course be deemed necessary." And, finally, Art. 807 stipulates that "Property owned by a wife or a husband (not being head of the house) since previous to the marriage and property acquired in his or her own name while married, form his or her separate property."

With regard to the custody of the children, this may be provided for (when the divorce is had by mutual consent) by written agreement. When there is no such agreement the presumption at law favors the head of the house whatever his or her sex. This applies equally to judicial divorces with the additional proviso (Art. 819) that "the court may, in the interests of the children, make different dispositions with regard to their custody."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

On the whole, it may be said that the Japanese woman shares the legal privileges and disabilities of the Japanese man, and that where exceptions are made the law of compensation has not been wholly unobserved.

IV

So far, we have considered only one aspect of equality—that which relates to the exercise of privilege. It is, as a rule, the only aspect of the question with which the feminist tourist cares to deal. But the Japanese woman is no idle recipient of privilege. She not only claims—it is not so much that she claims, but that she expects—to bear and does bear her fair share of the nation's burdens. I do not refer to a very small section of the leisured class,—that favored class from which most of the few complainants are drawn,—but to the more genuinely human women of the rank and file.

The article to which I have been referring contains the extraordinary statement that: "In a prolonged war against a *civilized*[1] country she" (i. e., Japan) "could not survive.[2] At home she would crack, crumble and collapse. Her women could not take the place of men." The inference is, of course, that, in the writer's opinion, they could not take the place of men as extensively as could the women of those countries which she regards as "civilized." This is laughable.

There is practically no form of manual labor at which Japanese women cannot do from three-quarters to four-fifths of a man's day's work, and this is the rate at which unskilled labor is hired in this town to-day. That is, the man receives about forty to forty-five cents a day and the woman from thirty to thirty-six cents.

In the event of war, the Japanese woman could take man's place at almost anything from coaling a battleship to filling eighty per cent of the positions in the postal service.

So far as my observation extends, the high infant mortality of Japan is due to post-natal rather than to prenatal conditions. The average Japanese child is necessarily born into poverty. Japanese houses are flimsily built, damp, badly ventilated and, in northern districts, intensely cold in winter. This seems inevitable in a thickly peopled country where any widespread attempt at building or heating in

[1] Italics the author's.

[2] She might succumb through lack of numbers or, still more likely, through lack of money, but scarcely through lack of courage and effort on the part either of her women or of her men.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

American style would soon result in deforestation and the exhaustion of fuel supply.

The same conditions affect the diet of the people. Where there is little or no acreage to spare for pasture, the diet of the people must be largely vegetarian and the milk supply will always be limited. I must pay, for instance, for meat and milk about the same actual prices that I paid in America. What this signifies as to the *relative* cost of these commodities may be inferred from the figures given above. In my schoolgirls' hostel the cost of food per girl has risen from $2.50 per month in 1915 to about $4.00 at the present time. The board of a trained nurse in the local hospital costs, at present, about $4.50 a month. On the other hand, a missionary, living in very reduced American style, must spend about $25.00 a month for food. He could scarcely maintain his health on less.

It is hard facts such as these that tourists are likely to overlook when, after a month or so in the country, they essay to cut our Gordian knots.

This very fact,—the participation of women in all forms of manual labor,—is sometimes made the ground of adverse criticism. It is not quite fair for the adverse critic of the Japanese people to try to "have it both ways." It is not fair to criticize the Japanese woman for her alleged inability to do man's work in time of war and then to complain because she does do the same work in time of peace. But since both criticisms have been made, I shall try to say something in answer to that which is based upon fact as well as to deny that which is a pure fiction.

My own observation leads me to think that manual labor as performed by Japanese women (if we except the quite modern factory system where the labor of both men and women is shamefully exploited)[1] is generally healthful; that the health of Japanese farmer girls is likely to deteriorate when they turn from farming to more sedentary work; that their children are among the healthiest in the land; that confining work, such as typing or sewing for long hours, is far more likely to injure the health of prospective mothers than

[1] This is partly to be accounted for by the fact that the modern factory system is a relatively new thing in Japan. Hence legislation has not been devised to alleviate the effects of unregulated competition. The question is being strongly agitated in Japan. The conditions in some mines also leave something to be desired. But in neither case can it be said that there is any discrimination based upon sex.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

is the healthy outdoor life to which Japanese farm women are inured from childhood.

This healthful condition is due in part to circumstances which, possibly, do not come within the knowledge of the transient critic.

No Japanese laborer is expected to work " against time." Often two people appear to be doing what we should consider the work of one. This is doubtless a good thing in a country where work must be distributed among a very dense population. So, when father, mother, brother and sister are all seen together in the paddy-field, this is not to be taken as meaning that they are doing four days' work in one.

Then, too, it is doubtless difficult for a tourist, who has been " raised soft," to estimate the effects of an entirely different training. She is too likely to think along such lines as: " How should I feel were I carrying that sack or spading that plot? "

Finally, it is to be borne in mind that the Japanese rural population consists, for the most part, of gentle, kindly people, much more likely to be the victims of malingerers than to impose over-heavy burdens upon each other. The hardships that undoubtedly do exist are not inflicted by one sex upon the other. They arise in the main from natural and, apparently, irremediable circumstances. It is for this reason, and not because of " oriental servility ", that they are borne so cheerfully and without mutual recrimination.

JOHN COLE MCKIM.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MONEY AND PRICES

BY WALTER F. FORD

EVERYONE knows that the prices of all marketable goods depend upon a nice adjustment of supply on the one hand and demand on the other hand. In peace times the heads of great commercial houses were much worried by problems of over-production; and it was one of the fine arts of business on the grand scale to determine to what extent it was more remunerative to get rid of part of a stock of goods by selling abroad at cost price, or even less than cost price, than to damage the home market by throwing on it more merchandise than it could comfortably absorb. But the war has forced home the lesson that there is a definite limit to production. In these abnormal times, even an ideal combination of available natural resources, capital and labor would yield inadequate results. We are accustomed to talk about the equation of supply to demand; but we now find that demand has an elasticity which enormously transcends that of supply. Human wants are never satisfied and the desire to purchase is practically illimitable. As Emerson says, "Nature urges man to the acquisition of such things as belong to him. Every warehouse and shop window, every fruit tree, every thought of every hour, opens a new want to him, which it concerns his power and dignity to gratify. It is of no use to argue the wants down. Wealth requires, besides the crust of bread and the roof, the freedom of the city, the freedom of the earth, traveling, machinery, the benefits of science, music, and fine arts, the best culture and the best company." There are far more potential spendthrifts in the world than there are misers; and at all times—during peace or war—the great mass of the people restrict their demand for goods not at the point at which their wants are satiated but at the point at which their means are exhausted. There are, of course, innumerable people who do not wish immediately to exercise

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to its fullest extent the purchasing powers which the control of money gives them; but the modern banking system has the effect of readily transferring this power to others who can, and do, exercise it at once. In the case of a highly developed community every addition to its purchasing power is immediately translated into effective demand, and, therefore, demand and purchasing power are interchangeable terms. Instead of saying that general prices depend upon supply and demand, we might, with equal truth, say that they depend upon supply and purchasing power. Each step in the direction of making it easier for the public to acquire the control of money must, therefore, force prices upwards unless the extra demand, as expressed by additional purchasing power, be accompanied by an equivalent increase of supply.

In the nineteenth century, Political Economy was regarded as a science of which the leading laws were fixed for all time; but, now, it is rightly held to be merely a collection of political and business principles which are qualified by varying circumstances. In the days of the older economists it was asserted that prices were governed by the amount of money in circulation. The assertion is perfectly true in theory. It implies a balancing of the two forces of supply, as represented by the output of goods, and demand, as denoted by purchasing power. But, quite obviously, the balance may be upset by a radical alteration of output, such as occurs when production is greatly increased, or by a marked alteration in the rapidity with which money can be circulated. The quantity theory of money is essentially a principle of Political Economy which is in no sense a fixed law but which nevertheless always contains the germs of truth. It is one of those principles which each generation ought to study for itself and to apply to its own problems in forms modified to meet prevailing conditions. And never has this particular problem assumed such enormous importance as it has now. With the exception of America, all the countries involved in the war have added largely to their currencies by means of paper money which is inconvertible in fact if not in name. In the countries of issue this paper money ranks *pari passu* with gold and has the same effect upon prices as the addition to the currency of an equivalent amount of actual coin.

The extension and development of the modern banking system led to the creation of vast masses of credit of which the volume is many times greater than that of the actual cur-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

rency. There is, therefore, some foundation for the position taken up by the modern business man who brushes aside the quantity theory of money by means of the stock argument that as credit greatly exceeds the coinage in volume, and is moreover capable of enormous expansion and contraction, its power as a determinant of price is so much greater than that of gold that, by comparison, the latter becomes almost negligible. This argument had obtained so strong a hold upon every section of the community that, even before the outbreak of war, the quantity theory had become sufficiently out of touch with modern conditions to be regarded as practically obsolete. Few real attempts have ever been made to bring it up to date, and, certainly, no official effort was made to test its applicability to the conditions which the issue of large quantities of inconvertible paper money would necessarily create. Yet, since it is part of the business creed that nothing increases spending power and, therefore, the demand for goods so effectively as additional facilities for obtaining credit, one might reasonably have supposed that the possibility of large issues of paper money having a considerable effect upon credit would have been the subject of most careful enquiry.

The broad general policy adopted by banks is not arbitrarily settled at directors' board meetings. It is governed by definite rules which must be observed if, on the one hand, a profit is to be made and, on the other hand, disastrous overspeculation is to be avoided. No one borrows money from a banker with the object of hoarding it. Immediately anyone obtains a loan he puts the money into circulation, and the person who receives it promptly pays it into his own bank. It may not be the same bank as the one which advanced the loan to the original borrower, but, whether it is or not, the net result is that the aggregate amount of cash in the hands of bankers remains the same. Generally, the transactions are made by means of cheques or drafts, and, in that case, the money does not leave, even temporarily, the coffers of the banks. All that happens is that bankers' assets and liabilities are both increased by the amount of the loan. Since bankers have, in the aggregate, the same cash in hand that they had before they advanced the loan, it is quite obvious that they can repeat the process again and again and make a substantial profit on each transaction. But as the cash in hand remains approximately stationary, each transaction reduces

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

its proportion to liabilities. Banking experience has shown that it is not safe to allow the proportion to fall below a certain level. That level marks a danger point. When it is reached, bankers are compelled to stop creating credit. Consequently, there is a definite limit beyond which credit cannot expand, and it is automatically fixed by the amount of cash which is held by the banks. The nearer banks can keep to that limit the greater are their profits, and naturally, therefore, they try to keep as close as possible to it. On the other hand, if they lend money sparingly the proportion of cash to liabilities is very high. This would appear to indicate a sound financial position; but it would really mean that the banks were doing very little business. Their profits would be low, and if the proportion of cash to liabilities exceeded a certain percentage banking would cease to be profitable. This percentage marks the second, or upper, danger point: it is dependent in every bank upon the cost of upkeep. Clearly, therefore, the instinct of self-preservation will compel banks to create credit in sufficient quantity to ensure the proportion of cash to liabilities always standing below the second danger point. Accordingly, it may be laid down as a working rule that the credit created by banks must not rise beyond or fall below amounts which bear definite proportions to the cash which they hold. It may oscillate between those two limits, but it cannot pass beyond either.

It was an American writer who first illustrated the capacity to build up credit by the analogy of sand piled up on a round disk. The disk represents the metallic, or the metallic and note currency, and credit the amount of sand that can be piled on it. As the area of the disk increases, so also does the amount of sand which it will support. In exactly the same way, the amount of credit which the banks can superimpose on the cash held by them bears a definite relationship to the amount of that cash. The great bulk of a nation's money is stored in its banks. Individuals carry about with them no more than will provide for their immediate personal requirements, and it is the common practice of business men to set limits to the quantity of coin or notes which they retain in their safes or tills. Any surplus belonging either to private individuals or to business firms is either paid into the banks or hoarded; and the more highly the business instincts of the people are developed, the rarer is the tendency to hoard. The immediate personal requirements of a very large

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

community do not, in the aggregate, vary greatly from day to day, and, therefore, the amount of national loose cash remains fairly constant. If there be an increase in the quantity of money in circulation, practically the whole of it in countries like America or England is at once transferred to the banks; and, if there be a decrease, it is from the banks that the withdrawal is made. No matter what amount of money a highly developed commercial nation may possess, a sum which changes so little from week to week that it may be regarded as a non-variable has to be allocated for use as loose cash and whatever is left over is stored in the banks. It follows, therefore, that every addition to or decrease of the coinage alters the amount of cash in the hands of bankers and so moves up or down the limits within which credit can be created. Ability to obtain credit is synonymous with purchasing power, and human nature is such that purchasing power is invariably translated into effective demand for goods. This brings us to the obvious conclusion that every alteration in the quantity of money in circulation immediately affects the cash reserves of banks, hence credit and so purchasing power: the latter becomes demand, and it is upon the relationship of demand to supply that general prices depend. Eliminate the intermediates and we come back to the theory which for the last fifty or sixty years has been sinking deeper and deeper into oblivion that prices do ultimately depend upon the relationship of the quantity of money in circulation to the supply of marketable goods. In essentials the theory is sound, but it will always need to be modified to suit the conditions prevailing at any given epoch.

Until war broke out in August, 1914, the European nations which were then immediately affected had gone on steadily perfecting their financial arrangements. Their bankers had learned by experience exactly what proportion cash reserves ought to bear to liabilities; and, with an eye to maximum profits, they had become accustomed to multiply their transactions until their cash reserves were at the lowest point which experience had taught them to be safe. They were, in fact, in the habit of piling up all the credit their currency disks could be made to carry with safety. But, immediately war was declared, public confidence was shaken. The currency disks were tilted to an awkward angle; and it at once became evident that, unless their areas could be extended very quickly indeed, much of the credit which was

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

built up on them would be spilled. The several governments were compelled to come to the rescue of the banks. By means of paper money, the currency disks were so increased in size that they became capable of supporting as much credit when lying at an angle of several degrees as the old but smaller disks had carried in a horizontal position. When, however, the first shock was over, the new and enlarged disks settled into level positions. Public confidence in the safety of the banks had by then been very largely restored, and bankers were able to lend almost as freely as they had done before the war. They did not hesitate to do so, and credit expanded, not on the basis of the former gold currencies, but on the basis of the new and enlarged combined gold and note currencies. Naturally credit, purchasing power, and demand were all much greater than they had been before the war; and nothing but an increase of supply to correspond with the increase of demand could possibly have prevented general prices from going up.

All the belligerent countries in Europe have enormously augmented their currencies by the issue of inconvertible paper money, and have, therefore, increased the spending capacity of their people. But it would be useless to try to compare the statistical returns without some knowledge, not only of the methods of bankers in each country, but also of the political psychology of the different races. England has issued paper money to the extent of 900,000,000 dollars, Germany's issues amount to over 2,500,000,000, France's to more than 3,500,000,000 and Russia's to about 7,500,000,000.[1] But England and Germany each have very highly developed banking systems, and the habit of hoarding scarcely exists. In England, bankers maintain their cash reserves at approximately 20 per cent. of their liabilities. 900,000,000 dollars of additional money would, therefore, increase the cash-cum-credit circulating medium by about 4,500,000,000 dollars. In Germany 2,500,000,000 dollars of new money would increase the total circulating medium by at least 12,500,000,000 dollars. In France, on the other hand, bank credits are far less freely created, and the practice of individual hoarding has by no means been eliminated. New money put into circulation in France does not, therefore, increase the cash-cum-credit circulating medium to anything like the same extent that it does in either England or Germany. No

[1] The amounts quoted cover the period to the end of 1917.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

important nation which trades freely with others can tamper with its circulating medium without affecting currencies, and, consequently, prices everywhere. National currencies are comparable to a series of reservoirs connected with one another by pipes. Water poured into any one of a series of connected reservoirs is very quickly distributed among the several others in proportion to their base areas. In exactly the same way, each issue of paper money immediately raises the level of the currency reservoir of the issuing country: gold at once begins to flow out through the connecting pipes and continues to do so until all the reservoirs have again been brought to a common level. That, precisely, is what has happened in regard to the world's currencies.

At the beginning of the war, it was necessary for the countries which acutely felt the financial shock to issue sufficient inconvertible paper money to replace much of the credit which had suddenly dried up; but as soon as public confidence was restored it became clear that credit was being freely built up on the new money as well as on the old, and evidence of currency inflation appeared everywhere. One is justified in asking why the restoration of public confidence was not made the occasion for the withdrawal of inconvertible paper issues. The answer to this question is, however, fairly obvious, and it also affords an explanation of the policy of continuing to issue fresh paper money, despite the manifest arguments against it. Before the war had been many days in progress, all the belligerent nations had to commence borrowing. The larger the quantity of money in circulation the greater are the facilities to obtain credit, and, therefore, the greater the capacity of the public to take up government loans. Provided that it can depend upon the patriotism of the people, any stable and responsible Government can be certain of obtaining the amount of an internal loan if the people have control of sufficient cash and credit to enable them to take it up. And any Government can always make sure that the people have control of a sum of money adequate to its purpose by adopting the simple expedient of issuing enough paper money to broaden the currency disk to the required extent. By issuing 900,000,000 dollars' worth of Treasury notes the British Government not only borrowed that sum without interest, but, through the instrumentality of the banks, it increased by something like 4,500,000,000 dollars the capacity of the British people to lend to it. The

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

French people are far more inclined to hoard money than the British, and it is partly for this reason and partly because the banking system is less highly developed in France than it is in England that, in order to give to the French nation sufficient control of money to enable them to take up the several loans which it has placed on the market, the French Government has had to issue far more inconvertible paper money than the British Government had to issue in order to put in the hands of the people of the United Kingdom control of enough money to enable them to take up the larger loans issued in England. If any doubt arises as to a nation's stability, the credit which can be created upon the basis of a definite amount of cash is immediately reduced; and when that happens a Government can only prevent a decrease of the cash-cum-credit circulating medium by largely increasing the amount of its note issues. So long as the Czar was firmly seated on his throne, the notes issued by Russia, which were unsecured by a gold backing, were kept within reasonable bounds. At the time of the Revolution they amounted to about 2,500,000,000 dollars. From that time to just before the fall of Kerensky they had increased to 7,500,000,000 dollars. During the interval, however, the lending capacity of the Russian people had substantially diminished; and, therefore, the whole of the 5,000,000,000 dollars of extra money must have been absorbed to replace part of the credit which had vanished from the Russian cash-cum-credit circulating medium as a result of loss of confidence in the Government.

Questions are often raised as to the capacity of Germany to float internal loans. When the German Government wants to raise a loan all that it has to do is to put into circulation a quantity of paper money. On this will be erected a mass of bank credit: the public control of money will be largely added to; and, provided that the German people are willing to lend to their Government—as they unquestionably still are—a loan can readily be raised. Germany has already borrowed over 80,000,000,000 marks; and she can go on raising loans so long as she is prepared to increase her cash-cum-credit circulation by anticipatory issues of paper money, provided always that she can rely on her people to lend to her the additional money thus brought under their control. Naturally, however, the greater the quantity of new paper money added to the currency the smaller will be the real

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

purchasing power of the mark: the sooner, therefore, will the amount borrowed be spent and the necessity for repeating the process arise. Each repetition shortens the time that any given amount will last and accelerates the rate at which national debt is accumulated. To finance on these lines is to weave a web of bankruptcy. It is a national adoption of the methods of the spendthrift who pays off debts to successive money-lenders by obtaining advances from others on more and more exorbitant terms. At each stage it becomes increasingly difficult for the borrower to extricate himself, and there is always a point beyond which he cannot go without becoming bankrupt. Any progress beyond that point defers the inevitable crash, but increases its intensity when it can no longer be postponed. Germany is in a similar state. She may not yet have got to the point of bankruptcy, but every fresh issue of paper money is hastening the pace at which she is traveling towards it. Even when she has passed the bankruptcy point, she will be able to continue her financial methods so long as the German people are prepared to tolerate them. Her insolvency will not be publicly disclosed until her methods are discarded, but it is certain that the longer they are persisted in the greater will be the crash when it does come. Austria is similarly situated, but there are indications that the Government of the dual Monarchy realizes the position, for a propaganda has already been started against the further issue of unsecured bank notes.

Of all the great countries involved in the war, America alone has not had recourse to inconvertible paper money, but her currency has nevertheless been swollen to almost as great an extent as that of Great Britain, which, of all the Allies in Europe, has placed the greatest restraint upon the issue of paper money. It would have been impossible for America to carry on trade with countries where currency was inflated and prices rising without accumulating favorable trade balances which her debtors had to liquidate in gold. Currency inflation inevitably leads to high commodity prices. When inflation is unavoidable it is of course very much better for it to be in the form of gold than notes; but, from the national point of view, it is still better to be without it. If for every article I use I have to pay twice as much now as I had to pay before the war, my new financial position depends upon whether or not my income has been doubled. Any general increase of prices which results solely from world-wide cur-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

rency inflation does not in any way affect the quantity or quality of commodities. National wealth remains the same and, theoretically, everyone's income, in terms of money, should expand to keep pace with augmented prices. In actual practice, however, there is always an alteration in the distribution of purchasing power in which the weak suffer at the expense of the strong. In the present state of public opinion it is almost heresy to suggest the wholesale export of gold, but I venture to think that it would be an excellent stroke of business for America to lend her surplus stock to her Allies in Europe to be used by them in cancelling a part of their inconvertible note issues. An immediate effect would be a wholesale reduction of prices in the United States; and, while the expenses of production would be lessened, exported goods would continue to be sold at the higher prices prevailing in Europe. There could be no possible danger of the stock of gold in America being unduly depleted. The difficulty would rather be to keep it down; for gold would all the time be tending to come back in payment for the trade balances which would be constantly accumulating.

Most apologists for the prevailing high cost of living attribute it almost entirely to limitation of supply. That may be true of particular localities, but it is not true of the world at large. Just as demand means purchasing power irrespective of the manner in which it is exercised, so also supply means the sum of all articles offered for sale, or, perhaps, in view of the activities of German submarines, it would be more correct to define supply as the sum of all articles which can be delivered to intending users. There has, of course, been an enormous reduction of labor employed on productive work. On the other hand, there has been a colossal addition to the quantity of labor devoted to the manufacture of war material; and this war material is just as much a part of the total supply—the relationship of which to the total demand fixes prices—as are the products of the farm and the cotton mill. . On the whole, supply has probably decreased very little; but an immense part of it now consists of material for destruction. If the volume of supply and the volume of demand remain approximately the same, the general level of prices need not be seriously affected by a material alteration of the ingredients of supply, provided that the direction in which demand is exercised be altered to meet the new conditions of supply. When it became clear

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

—as it did in Europe soon after the war broke out—that the available quantity of goods was no longer to consist almost entirely of articles of general use but was to be made up in part only of those goods and in part of material for military purposes, it ought to have been equally clear that what was wanted was not the creation of fresh purchasing power to correspond with the new supply of military material, but a very extensive transfer of purchasing power from personal to Government control. To create new money to pay for military material and to leave practically the whole of the purchasing power capable of being built up on the old currency to compete for the greatly reduced supply of goods available for public use could hardly fail to force up the prices of those goods in very much the same proportion as the supply of them had decreased.

The best possible indication of a State's prosperity and of its power to meet a sudden crisis is the excess of its citizens' incomes over the expenditure upon essential requirements. The greater that excess the better it is for the State, provided that the moral fibre of the people has not been softened by luxury to the extent of making them unwilling to undergo conditions of relative hardship which may become necessary if the nation be confronted with danger. A transformation of the world's supply of goods began in August, 1914. It was possible to leave the whole of the original purchasing power of the community to compete for the greatly reduced supply of goods, and to create, by means of paper money, entirely fresh purchasing power to defray the expenses of the war: under such conditions nothing could prevent general prices from soaring upwards. The diametrically opposite plan was for the Governments concerned arbitrarily to seize so much of all private incomes as exceeded the amount required to maintain a reasonable standard of living and to spend on armies and navies the money thus acquired: under such a plan the demand for goods available for the use of the general public would probably have been cut down to as great an extent as the supply of them, and there would have been no very marked rise of prices. What was actually done everywhere was to create enormous masses of fresh purchasing power based upon inconvertible paper money, to collect by taxation a small part only of excess individual incomes, and to appeal to the public to lend the remainder. But just as the voluntary system of enlisting men will achieve results

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

which are very good indeed but are yet not good enough for a war of great magnitude, so the voluntary system of self-denial will go a long way but perhaps not quite so far as is necessary. A member of the British Government hinted recently that if people did not purchase War Bonds steps might be taken to make them do so. Compulsion of this kind would find no more favor in England than in America; but there is nevertheless a great deal to be said for it. Everyone would be compelled to take up war loans in proportion to his income. The financial burden of the war would be adjusted to the capacity of individual shoulders. And—most important of all—purchasing power, instead of being allowed to compete wildly for goods of which the supply cannot be increased, would be automatically forced into such directions as would tend to equate the new demand to the new supply. General prices would certainly fall considerably.

WALTER F. FORD.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

AMERICAN LIBERTY AND SOCIAL EFFICIENCY

BY REV. HERBERT H. GOWEN, D.D.

I WRITE this paper, against the all-but common consent of those about me, to express a fear that this land of the free, made free through the long struggles of Christian liberty with the "beggarly elements" of legalism, is slowly but surely on its way to become "a servile state." Together with this goes the protest against methods of reform which turn evangelists into jurists, and temperance workers into "dry-squads." My protest, however, is rather against that elusive thing we call a tendency than against any particular exemplification of it. To judge the illustration apart from the principle is inevitably to misconceive it. Some time ago Mr. Bernard Shaw was asked to visit America. The substance of his reply is in the following quotation from his letter:

> They do not know the risks they are asking me to run when they invite me to cross the Atlantic. . . . If President Wilson will give me a safe conduct insuring my return from the lines of American morality, I shall be much more likely to trust myself to the eagle's beak.

Much of the letter is excellent fooling and, doubtless, only half sincere, but the irony of it is only possible because there is present also a grain of truth, and, as the rose-leaf beneath the mattress was enough to disturb the princess' repose, so the truth beneath Mr. Shaw's words is sufficient to ruffle for a moment our national complacency.

America is, without doubt, intent upon solving her social problems by legislative action. I have not troubled to make any comparative study of the later crops, but there is good reason to believe that the usual bumper harvest has not been diminished. I do not emphasize unduly the sweeping epidemic of prohibition legislation, though I can understand

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

neither the serene security of those protagonists who have succeeded in translating their fanaticisms into law nor the passive acquiescence of those to whom the assumptions of the other side must be abhorrent. But, associated with "bone-dry" laws and the like, we have a crop of propositions looking even to the exclusion from the mails of any literature so scandalously reactionary as to have a good word for wine. Oliver Wendell Holmes never realized how prophetic was his muse when he penned a poem as emended by "what is called a teetotaler." What new scope there is for such emendation to-day! The Bible must, of course, be bowdlerized, and the Classics, to Dr. Flexner's delight, consigned to limbo. Anacreon will become an anachronism and Pindar survive by virtue of a single line. Horace will become Horatius Siccus instead of Horatius Flaccus. The Higher Critics, too, will have splendid opportunity to prove that "the aquavinic thaumaturgy at Cana is wholly inconsistent with the psychology of the Master of the Feast as modern research has analyzed it."

I would not overstress this particular instance. There is much else. A Chicago judge recently said that the people of Illinois are the finest in the world except that every time they hear a good joke they insist on enacting it into law. The people of Illinois are not peculiar. There are anti-cigarette laws to protect American youth, anti-hatpin laws to save ladies from the suspicion of being amenable to humane suggestion, anti-expectoration laws to overcome by compulsion the inveterate vulgarity of American gentlemen, laws to say when the playing of the National Anthem is in good taste and to control the use of the National Flag. If any possible inhibition has escaped the eye of the legislator, it is due to accident, not to absence of intent. Under such a régime we shall become a nation of social parasites, led, as Ibsen says, "battalion-wise, just as a corporal leads his men." People forget that Heine said: "If Europe become a single prison, there would still be another hole for escape,—I mean America, and, God be praised, that hole is larger than all the prison."

I must here distinguish, once for all, between legislation adopted under normal circumstances and that necessitated by emergencies such as war. It will freely be conceded that war measures may involve the largest curtailment of individual rights, since, under such circumstances, civil liberty is

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

practically suspended for the common good. No patriot will think of grumbling, because he believes himself entitled in ordinary times to a liberal measure of individual liberty. But for the majority of the moment to decree that limitations imposed by war must necessarily be made permanent, must be regarded as an unwarrantable extension of its authority.

Before discussing the other point of view, let me just touch the question of historical justification. The attempt to reform human nature by pressure imposed mainly from without has frequently been made and has as frequently failed. The past is strewn with the wreck of schemes put forth for the purpose of replacing "*mores*" by "*leges.*" The fit comment on them is the question of Horace, "*Quid leges sine moribus vanae proficiunt?*" Such laws as the Oppian, Orchian, Fannian, and many another, will illustrate what I mean. Tiberius was, strangely enough, the first to stand out for a higher degree of liberty by suggesting that the improvement of manners might turn out to be more effective than the enactment of laws. The Empire of China carried experiment in this direction further and more continuously than any other land, and may it not be said that the success obtained lost China her very soul, leaving her pathetically servile to a régime of barren etiquette from which she has been unable to escape?

Japan also went far along the same road, and you may find well-nigh incredible stories of the length to which such legislation was carried. Ecclesiastical Judaism, prior to the Christian era, committed itself to the same course and the teachings of the prophets were smothered in legalism. We shall recall the denunciation hurled at those who were continually binding burdens on the consciences of men which, as St. Peter declared, "neither we nor our fathers were able to bear." The fight which Paulinism waged was in the interests of liberty, to save the Church from the dead weight which made righteousness the doing of prescribed things so complex that they multiplied transgressions and begat despair. St. Paul found obedience to the outward law clouding the finer powers of the soul. It was to him the struggle between the bond-woman and the free. There were, of course, risks in freedom which weak wills and excitable brains failed to weather. There was antinomianism then as in the days of Luther. But the net result was incalculable gain,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and while, on the one hand, the Apostle declared fiercely, "the strength of sin is the law," on the other hand he developed a conception of liberty which Christianity has made the common property of mankind. He even invoked anathema on anyone, even though an angel from heaven, who should preach a different gospel.

History in general shows that human nature sooner or later claims this liberty as its heritage and recoils from an artificially promoted legalism. But, where the chains have been worn for any length of time, the consequences become tragically evident. It is sufficient to recall Tagore's story, *The Kingdom of Cards,* where everybody moved "according to the rules," and in consequence listlessly and lifelessly, until the Three Companions came and turned the Island upside down by creating desire in the land. In like manner, when men have sunk to what Emerson calls "a mush of concession," some healthy irruption of personality has come to humanity, lifting men out of stagnation and inspiring them to that "high failure which o'ertops the bounds of low success."

For, indeed, the mistake which is at the bottom of attempts to secure a world mechanically efficient at the expense of life, innocent at the expense of strength, is more than a mistake. It is a sin,—a sin against personality. "A man," says Kant, "is always to be regarded as an end in himself, never as a means to an end." In other words, he is not a chattel, but a person. And the price which has to be paid for personality is the patient acceptance of a very slow development. It is necessarily development in which the external pressure of environment does not overbalance the working of an interior force. The impatient world prefers the efficiency of machines to the possible, and even probable, errors associated with the evolution of character.

Mr. Wells, on the other hand, says that the Great State will prefer a certain amateurishness in its service to the trite omniscience of the stale official. Dr. McBain of Columbia recently said: "For many years the German city has been held up to us as a model towards which we in our municipal affairs should strive. I like to believe that there is not a community in this great land that would tolerate for a year all the principles and methods of government that prevail in German cities. . . . In our progress towards effectiveness we must preserve what to us is the breath of our political

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

being,—the free manhood and womanhood of the individual." Many years ago, a great English Bishop, dealing with the temperance question, made an epigram which has since been used to cast a slur upon his memory and upon the sanity of those who stood with him. The statement is, nevertheless, fundamentally true. Bishop Magee said, "I had rather see England free than compulsorily sober." What he meant is obvious. Sobriety is, for the most part, a negative virtue, which may be attained, as to-day, by restrictive legislation. Freedom, on the other hand, is strength to maintain personal self-respect in the face of temptation. The one is the innocence of a man kept under lock and key; the other is the health of one who walks abroad with an educated control over the appetites of his lower nature. The one can only say, "*Non possum peccare*"; the other says, "*Possum non peccare*," and theology holds rightly that there is all the difference of two worlds between the two phrases.

To proceed further: Because the mistake alluded to is sin against personality, we may expect flaws in the methods adopted to abate the evil. There is a certain parallelism between the prohibitionist and the pacifist. Each is more horrified by the symptom than by the disease. To the prohibitionist the fundamental evil is not the weakness of an untrained will, but rather the loathsome exhibition which makes the drunkard a public nuisance. The man might remain a negative and will-less creature provided he did not create a row in the streets. The demon is in the liquor he imbibes, not in his own soul. Similarly, the pacifist is shocked less by the greed and selfishness which make peace impossible than at the red fruit which these things produce on the battle-field. The one wants to protect his fastidious regard for respectability by the enactment of "bone-dry" laws; the other to cover up international corruption with a "Peace" precariously achieved by Hague Conventions.

We arrive at the conviction that the restrictive method estimates amiss the causes of social and international disorder. The crime is fastened upon the thing which is abused rather than on the personality which is guilty of the abuse. The external thing which, in common with all the universe, contains for an all-wise purpose the germ of temptation, is damned instead of the ungoverned impulse which makes sin by yielding to intemperate desire. Phaethon is not to be blamed for setting the world on fire, but the sun-chariot

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

which should have been kept in the garage. The knife must be blamed, not the murderer; the tempting opportunity, not the criminal. The error which has differentiated the First Adam, tempted and defeated, from the Second, tempted and victorious, is God's, Who permitted temptation to enter Eden under the impression, plainly mistaken, that the undefeated man was to be developed on a battle-field in which his battles were all too frequently defeats.

Again, we have a wrong conception of man's moral perfection. It is the apotheosis of the negative man. The virtuous man does not drink, does not smoke, does not play cards, does not go to the theatre, and enjoys otherwise a life circumscribed and bristling with "Thou shalt nots." The acme of virtue is only consistently reached, as in fact many beautiful epitaphs suggest, when a man is dead and safe forever from all the challenge of life. Many a one who breaks out here and there from a straitened environment is yet a more promising asset to society than he who simply lies passive to social constriction. Amiel, in his "*Journal intime,*" describes a band of drunken revellers passing his house at night and asks why such a degrading manifestation was possible. He concludes that it is but a crude effort of undeveloped personality to express itself. So, although the exhibition is "*la caricature de notre plus précieux privilège . . . la parodie de notre apothéose et l'encanaillement de notre suprême grandeur,*" he feels in it also the revelation of a personal spirit refusing to be subjugated by Nature. I confess sympathy with the view of Amiel.

Life, again, must be considered as enrichment, in choice of will and experience as well as in intellectual outlook. This would seem inevitable for those who enroll themselves followers of Him Whose first "sign," the key-note of the ministry to follow, was the transforming of water into wine, One Who was called "a gluttonous man, a friend of publicans and sinners," One Who made the Feast of Bread and Wine the great sacramental rite of Christendom. Manichaeanism and Christianity parted company on the very question as to whether salvation meant the mere rescue of particles of light from contamination with grosser matter or the enrichment of life by experience through incarnation.

Once again, there is a wrong, because thoroughly materialistic, view of man's final destiny. Heaven is demanded here and now, just as, and on the same terms as, peace is

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

demanded by the pacifist. It is, in short, such a heaven as the Convention of Correction and Charities would arrange for a docile public at a month's notice. The long patience of God, Who educates through æons unimaginable, is incredible to the spirit which would have God speed up a lagging universe and eliminate the prize which is in the process. Where God conceived a heaven of strong ones climbing out of "Inferno" to see the stars, passing cornice by cornice along the painful way of "Purgatorio," modern reformers would place a capacious and a comfortable asylum with barred windows and softly padded cells into which all alike, strong and weak together, are safely folded for an eternity of ennui.

Beyond, however, all these theoretical misconceptions, there are to be noted serious evidences of practical failure. I content myself with the barest allusion.

First, there is the promotion of illicit drinking, frequently taking the form of indulgence in drink more mischievous, physically and morally, than the beverages covered by the general proscription.

Secondly, there is the growth of connivance in law evasion which would seem to follow logically from the supersession of the principle of self-control by dependence upon a statute-book the more voluminous as society develops a larger number of punishable frailties. Weak men, left weak, will inevitably react for evil on their country's institutions, and, when government becomes equivalent to paying a policeman, there will soon grow up a disposition to act behind the policeman's back. The principle of "*cupimus negata*" is well-nigh universal. General contempt for the majesty of the law follows till the crows perch insolently on the scare-crows and laws against the carrying of revolvers only multiply the homicides and "bone-dry" laws serve only to increase intemperance.

Thirdly, after legislation has rolled its car of Juggernaut over the whole social system, the essential weakness is left untouched. The real intemperance which has been so well described by the poets, painters and allegorists of old, in its most ghastly manifestations is left unscathed.

Let us come to something more constructive, since I am in no sense an advocate of *laissez-faire*. The forces of evolution may be very sensibly aided by human co-operation and one must not minimize the importance of affording, at cer-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tain stages, that protection to the weak which we concede to the child in the cradle. One should, nevertheless, exclude those protective methods which are likely to stultify the impulse toward free initiative. These every generation must develop, use and pass on to posterity. Therefore I emphasize the fear lest democracy drift into a despotism, lest the interest of the sub-normal man determine all by the standard of the weak and regulate all motion by the speed of the slow. I contemplate with impatience a society in which "*Verboten*" is the common label on privilege, in which everything that offers risk to the immature is to be censored out of existence, in which all knives are sedulously blunted, no books sold but such as may be read by *jeunes filles,* and all the challenging liberality of life exchanged for measured paddocks securely fenced.

The saloon became a social nuisance, not from the sale of drink, but because the social negligence left it to become a wicked thing. There are many good people willing to perform the same kind office for the theatre, the dance-hall, and other familiar forms of recreation.

In short, society has neglected the social instincts of the downmost, has even hounded them beyond the pale of decency, and has then exclaimed with unction, "Fie, let us drive out this demon and whitewash his dwelling-place!" In the nature of things, under proper control and with social sympathy, there is no reason why the saloon, selling pure beverages, should not provide as harmless and even useful a resort for tired men as a beer-garden in Munich or a public inn on the high roads of France. The lack of proper consideration for the social needs of men made the saloon what it has become; the timely provision of that consideration might, with patience, work the desired reform.

Happily, social reform is not limited to methods which disregard the proper freedom of the individual.

1. There is a fruitful field in the dealing with individuals as individuals. Sufferers from alcoholism may be treated with the personal tenderness bestowed upon other victims of disability and disease, instead of being made the butt of brutal denunciation or still more brutal laughter. Medical treatment, involving the placing of certain cases under temporary restraint, the raising of the power of physical and volitional resistance, will suggest methods fraught with tremendous possibilities for good. Beyond even the fortifying

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

power of medical aid will be the influence of loving and helpful personality. Many who resent restriction imposed by external authority will consent to a voluntary abstinence to avoid the giving of offence to a weaker brother.

2. The reform of drunkenness should be associated with reform of conditions which make drunkenness possible. I have little faith in statistics which assign particular evils to particular definite causes, but I am within the limits of the truth when I affirm that poverty, dullness and generally sordid conditions of living lead to drunkenness at least as often as drunkenness leads to these other miseries. Make life more interesting, healthier, saner, less monotonous, less overshadowed by drudgery, and we shall see less disposition to have one's fling in a debauch.

3. Above all is the supplanting of the lower passions by the impartation of divine grace, the strength which has carried millions beyond the handicaps of a merely natural endowment and has made the weakling a prince with God. In a land where many still profess the Christian faith and where the cause of social reform is so largely associated with a Christian profession, there need be no hesitation in pointing to a means of salvation which has some resemblance to the method employed by Christ Himself and which calls for something greater than bolts and bars.

It is said that democracy itself is justified as a principle of government because every popular mistake reacts in educative value upon the people to make further mistakes the less likely. But, if social efficiency here and now is the one thing to be considered, ought we not forthwith to call for the services of some "man on horse-back" to establish a benevolent despotism? Would it not be better to substitute Prussianism with its resulting efficiency rather than endure present ills in the interest of the slow and painful travail of American democracy? As I look at the slow progress of the whole human story, I see much of the same kind of evolution on the grand scale as I find on the small scale in the history of Anglo-Saxon civilization. There is much present waste, much inefficiency, much muddling through, but with it all I see a gradual adaptation to ends which makes the result an organic thing rather than a perfected piece of mechanism.

Possibly America is at the parting of the ways. Will she choose the normal way along which our civilization has hitherto advanced, or will she inure herself to the tyranny

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

through which present efficiency is secured at the risk of endangering the higher type of life?

I have no desire to minimize the success, of a particular kind, which may be expected along the path our legislation has apparently chosen. I shall not dispute the gains in manifold directions, whether you analyze the records of the police-court, the markets or the banks,—though I may believe that the statistician will frequently enregister advance where the moralist will be disposed to see decline. But I consider this kind of progress as equivalent to being made to move on by the police, and I find a tremendous and unbridgeable gulf between the civilization thus attained and the life which has fought its way to freedom through "clench'd antagonisms," to make "temptation crouch beneath the feet" and so stand "pedestall'd in triumph."

HERBERT H. GOWEN.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HEDGE ISLAND

A RETROSPECT AND A PROPHECY

BY AMY LOWELL

HEDGES of England, peppered with sloes; hedges of England, rows and rows of thorn and brier raying out from the fire where London burns with its steaming lights, throwing a glare on the sky o' nights. Hedges of England, road after road, lane after lane, and on again to the sea at the North, to the sea at the East, blackberry hedges, and man and beast plod and trot and gallop between hedges of England, clipped and clean; beech, and laurel, and hornbeam, and yew, wheels whirl under, and circle through, tunnels of green to the sea at the South; wind-blown hedges to mark the mouth of Thames or Humber, the Western rim. Star-point hedges, smooth and trim.

Star-point indeed, with His Majesty's mails agog every night for the provinces. Twenty-seven fine crimson coaches drawn up in double file in Lombard Street. Great gold-starred coaches, blazing with royal insignia, waiting in line at the Post-Office. Eight of a Summer's evening, and the sun only just gone down. "Lincoln," "Winchester," "Portsmouth," shouted from the Post-Office steps; and the Portsmouth chestnuts come up to the collar with a jolt, and stop again, dancing, as the bags are hoisted up. "Gloucester," "Oxford," "Bristol," "York," "Norwich." Rein in those bays of the Norwich team; they shy badly at the fan-gleam of the lamp over the Post-Office door. "All in. No more." The stones of St. Martin's-le-Grand sparkle under the slap of iron shoes. Off you go, bays, and the greys of the Dover mail start forward, twitching, hitching, champing, stamping, their little feet pat the ground in patterns and their bits fleck foam. "Whoa! Steady!" with a rush they are gone. But Glasgow is ready with a team of piebalds and sorrels, driven

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

chess-board fashion. Bang down, lids of mail-boxes—thunder-lids, making the horses start. They part and pull, push each other sideways, sprawl on the slippery pavement, and gather wave-like and crashing to a leap. Spicy tits those! Tootle-too! A nice calculation for the gate, not a minute to spare, with the wheelers well up in the bit and the leaders carrying bar. Forty-two hours to Scotland, and we have a coachman who keeps his horses like clock-work. Whips flick, buckles click, and wheels turn faster and faster till the spokes blur. "Sound your horn, Walter." Make it echo back and forth from the fronts of houses. Good-night, London, we are carrying the mails to the North. Big, burning light which is London, we dip over Highgate hill and leave you. The air is steady, the night is bright, the roads are firm. The wheels hum like a gigantic spinning-jenny. Up North, where the hedges bloom with roses. Through Whetstone Gate to Alconbury Hill. Stop at the *Wheatsheaf* one minute for the change. They always have an eye open here, it takes thirty seconds to drink a pot of beer, even the post-boys sleep in their spurs. The wheels purr over the gravel. "Give the off-hand leader a cut on the cheek." Whip! Whew! This is the first night of three. Three nights to Glasgow; hedges—hedges—shoot and flow. Eleven miles an hour, and the hedges are showered with glow-worms. The hedges and the glow-worms are very still, but we make a prodigious clatter. What does it matter? It is good for these yokels to be waked up. Tootle-toot! The diamond-paned lattice of a cottage flies open. Post-office here. Throw them on their haunches. Bag up—bag down—and the village has grown indistinct behind. The old moon is racing us, she slices through trees like a knife through cheese. Distant clocks strike midnight. The coach rocks—this is a galloping stage. We have a roan near-wheel and a grey off-wheel and our leaders are chestnuts, "quick as light, clever as cats."

The sickle-flame of our lamps cuts past sequences of trees and well-plashed quickset hedges—hedges of England, long shafts of the nimbus of London. Hurdles here and there. Park palings. Reflections in windows. On—on—through the night to the North. Over stretched roads, with a soft, continuous motion like slipping water. Nights and days unwinding down long roads.

In the green dawn, spires and bell-towers start up and stare at us. Hoary old woods nod and beckon. A castle

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

turret glitters through trees. There is a perfume of wild-rose and honey-bine, twining in the hedges—Northerly hedges, sliding away behind us. The pole-chains tinkle tunes and play a saraband with sheep-bells beyond the hedges. Wedges of fields—square, flat, slatted green with corn, purple with cabbages. The stable clocks of Gayhurst and Tyringham chime from either side of the road. The Ouse twinkles blue among smooth meadows. Go! Go! News of the World! Perhaps a victory: the "Nile" or "Salamanca"! Perhaps a proclamation, or a fall in the rate of consols. Whatever it is, the hedges of England hear it first. Hear it, and flick and flutter their leaves, and catch the dust of it on their shining backs. Bear it over the dumpling hills and the hump-backed bridges. Start it down the rivers: Eden, Eshe, Sark, Milk, Driff, and Clyde. Shout it to the sculptured corbels of old churches. Lurch round corners with it, and stop with a snap before the claret-colored brick front of the *Bell* at Derby, and call it to the ostler as he runs out with fresh horses. The twenty Corinthian columns of pale primrose alabaster at Keddleston Hall tremble with its importance. Even the runaway couples bound for Gretna Green cheer and wave. Laurels, and ribbons, and a red flag on our roof. "Wellesley forever!"

Dust dims the hedges. A light travelling chariot running sixteen miles an hour with four blood mares doing their bravest. Whip, bound, and cut again. Loose rein, quick spur. He stands up in the chariot and shakes a bag full of broad guineas, you can hear them—clinking, chinking—even above the roar of wheels. "Go it! Go it! We are getting away from them. Fifty guineas to each of you if we get there in time." Quietly wait, grey hedges, it will all happen again: quick whip, spur, strain. Two purple-faced gentlemen in another chariot, black geldings smoking hot, blood and froth flipped over the hedges. They hail the coach: "How far ahead? Can we catch them?" "Ten minutes gone by. Not more." The post-boys wale their lunging horses. Rattle, reel, and plunge.

But the runaways have Jack Ainslee from the *Bush*, Carlisle. He rides in a yellow jacket, and he knows every by-lane and wood between here and the border. In an hour he will have them at Gretna, and to-night the lady will write to her family at Doncaster, and the down mail will carry the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

letter, with tenpence halfpenny to pay for news that nobody wishes to hear.

"Buy a pottle of plums, good Sir." "Cherries, fine, ripe cherries O." Get your plums and cherries, and hurry into the *White Horse Cellar* for a last rum and milk. You are a poet, bound to Dover over Westminster Bridge. Ah, well, all the same. You are an Essex farmer, grown fat by selling your peas at Covent Garden Market at four guineas a pint. Certainly; as you please. You are a prebend of Exeter or Wells, timing your journey to the Cathedral Close. If you choose. You are a Corinthian Buck going down to Brighton by the *Age* which runs "with a fury." Mercury on a box seat.

Get up, beavers and top-boots. Shoot the last parcel in. Now—"Let 'em go. I have 'em." That *was* a jerk, but the coachman lets fly his whip and quirks his off-wheeler on the thigh. Out and under the archway of the coach-yard, with the guard playing "Sally in Our Alley" on his key-bugle. White with sun, the streets of London. Cloud-shadows run ahead of us along the streets. Morning. Summer. England. "Have a light, Sir? Tobacco tastes well in this fresh air."

Hedges of England, how many wheels spatter you in a day? How many coaches roll between you on their star-point way? What rainbow colors slide past you with the fluency of water? Crimson mails rumble and glide the night through, but the Cambridge *Telegraph* is a brilliant blue. The *Bull and Mouth* coaches are buttercup yellow, those of the *Bull* are painted red, while the *Bell and Crown* sports a dark maroon with light red wheels. They whirl by in a flurry of dust and colors. Soon all this will drop asunder like the broken glass of a kaleidoscope. Hedges, you will see other pictures. New colors will flow beside you. New shapes will intersect you. Tut! Tut! Have you not hawthorn blossoms and the hips and haws of roses?

Trundle between your sharp-shorn hedges, old *Tallyhos* and *Comets* and *Regents*. Stop at the George, and turn with a flourish into the yard, where a strapper is washing a mud-splashed chaise, and the horsekeeper is putting a "point" on that best whip of yours. "Coach stops here half an hour, Gentlemen: dinner quite ready." A long

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

oak corridor. Then a burst of sunshine through leaded windows, spangling a floor, iris-tinting rounds of beef, and flaked veal pies, and rose-marbled hams, and great succulent cheeses. Wine-glasses take it and break it, and it quivers away over the table-cloth in faint rainbows; or, straight and sudden, stamps a startling silver whorl on the polished side of a teapot of hot Bohea. A tortoise-shell cat naps between red geraniums, and myrtle sprigs tap the stuccoed wall, gently blowing to and fro.

Ah, hedges of England, have you led to this? Do you always conduct to galleried inns, snug bars, beds hung with flowered chintz, sheets smelling of lavender?

What of the target practice off Spithead? What of the rocking seventy-fours, flocking like gulls about the harbor entrances? Hedges of England, can they root you in the sea?

Your leaves rustle to the quick breeze of wheels incessantly turning. This island might be a treadmill kept floating right side up by galloping hoofs.

Gabled roofs of *Green Dragons,* and *Catherine Wheels* and *Crowns,* ivy-covered walls, cool cellars holding bins and bins of old port, and claret, and burgundy. You cannot hear the din of passing chaises, underground, there is only the sound of beer running into a jug as the landlord turns the spiggot of a barrel. Green sponge of England, your heart is red with wine. "Fine spirits and brandies." Ha! Ha! Good old England, drinking, blinking, dreading new ideas. Queer, bluff, burly England. You have Nelsons, and Wellesleys, and Tom Cribbs, but you have also Wordsworths and Romneys, and (a whisper in your ear) Arkwrights and Stevensons.

"Time's up, Gentlemen; take your places, please!" The horn rings out, the bars rattle, the horses sidle and paw and swing; swish—clip—with the long whip, and away to the hedges again. The high, bordering hedges, leading to Salisbury, and Bath, and Exeter.

Christmas weather with a hard frost. Hips and haws sparkle in the hedges, garnets and carnelians scattered on green baize. The edges of the coachman's hat are notched with icicles. The horses slip on the frozen roads. Loads are heavy at this time of year, with rabbits and pheasants tied under the coach, but it is all hearty Christmas cheer,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

rushing between the hedges to get there in time for the plum-pudding. Old England forever! And coach horns, and waits, and Cathedral organs hail the Star of Bethlehem.

But our star, our London, gutters with fog. The Thames rolls like smoke under charcoal. The dome of St. Paul's is gone, so is the spire of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields only the fires of torches are brisk and tossing. Tossing torches; tossing heads of horses. Eight mails following each other out of London by torchlight. Scarcely can we see the red flare of the horn lantern in the hand of the ostler at the *Peacock,* but his voice blocks squarely into the fog: *York Highflyer, Leeds Union, Stamford Regent.* Coach lamps stream and stare, and key-bugles play fugues with each other; "Oh, Dear, What Can the Matter Be?" and "The Flaxen Headed Plowboy" cannon and catch as the mails take the road. There will be no "springing" the horses over the "hospital ground" on a day like this; we cannot make more than three miles an hour in such a fog. Hedges of England, you are only ledges from which water drips back to the sea. The rain is so heavy the coach sways. There will be floods farther on. Floods over the river Mole, with apples, and trees, and hurdles floating. Have a care with your leaders there, they have lost the road, and the wheelers have toppled into a ditch of swirling, curling water. The wheelers flounder and squeal and drown, but the coach is hung up on the stump of a willow-tree, and the passengers have only a broken leg or two among them.

Double thong your team, Coachman, that creaking gibbet on the top of Hindhead is an awesome sight at the fall of night, with the wind roaring and squeaking over the heather. The murder, they say, was done at this spot. Give it to them on the flank, good and hot. "Lord, I wish I had a nip of cherry brandy!" "What was that; down in the bowl?" "Drop my arm, damn you! or you will roll the coach over!" Teeth chatter, bony castanets—click—click—to a ghastly tune, click—click—on the gallows-tree, where it blows so windily. Blows the caged bones all about, one or two of them have dropped out. The up coach will see them lying on the ground like snowflakes to-morrow. But we shall be floundering in a drift, and shifting the mail-bags to one of the horses so that the guard can carry them on.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Hedges of England, smothered in snow. Hedges of England, row after row, flat and obliterate down to the sea; but the chains are choked on the gallows-tree. Round about England the toothed waves snarl, gnarling her cliffs of chalk and marl. Crabbed England, consuming beef and pudding, and pouring down magnums of port, to cheat the elements. Go it, England, you will beat Bonaparte yet. What have you to do with ideas? You have Bishops, and Squires, and Manor-houses, and—rum.

London shakes with bells. Loud, bright bells clashing over roofs and steeples, exploding in the sunlight with the brilliance of rockets. Every clock-tower drips a tune. The people are merry-making, for this is the King's Birthday and the mails parade this afternoon.

"Messrs. Vidler and Parrat request the pleasure of Mr. Chaplin's company on Thursday, the twenty-eighth of May, to a cold collation at three o'clock and to see the Procession of the Mails."

What a magnificent spectacle! A coil of coaches progressing round and round Lincoln's Inn Fields. Sun-mottled harness, gold and scarlet guards, horns throwing off sprays of light and music. Liverpool, Manchester—blacks and greys; Bristol, Devenport—satin bays; Holyhead—chestnuts; Halifax—roans, blue-specked, rose-specked. On their box-seat thrones sit the mighty coachmen, twisting their horses this way and that with a turn of the wrist. These are the spokes of a wheeling sun, these are the rays of London's aureole. This is her star-fire, reduced by a prism to separate sparks. Cheer, good people! Chuck up your hats, and buy violets to pin in your coats. You shall see it all to-night, when the King's arms shine in lamps from every house-front, and the mails, done parading, crack their whips and depart. England forever! Hurrah!

England forever—going to the Prize Fight on Copthorne Common. England forever, with a blue coat and scarlet lining hanging over the back of the tilbury. England driving a gig and one horse; England set up with a curricle and two. England in donkey-carts and coaches. England swearing, pushing, drinking, happy, off to see the "Game Chicken" punch the "Nonpareil's" face to a black-and-blue jelly. Good old England, drunk as a lord, cursing the turn-pike

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

men. Your hedges will be a nest of broken bottles before night, and clouds of dust will quench the perfume of your flowers. I bet you three bulls to a tanner you can't smell a rose for a week.

They've got the soldiers out farther along. "Damn the soldiers! Drive through them, Watson." A fine, manly business; are we slaves? "Britons never—never——" Waves lap the shores of England, waves like watchdogs growling; and long hedges bind her like a bundle. Sit safe, England, trussed and knotted; while your strings hold, all will be well.

But in the distance there is a puff of steam. Just a puff, but it will do. Post-boys, coachmen, guards, chaises, melt like meadow rime before the sun.

You spun your webs over England, hedge to hedge. You kept England bound together by your spinning wheels. But it is gone. They have driven a wedge of iron into your heart. They have dried up the sea, and made pathways in the swimming air. They have tapped the barrels in your cellars and your throats are parched and bleeding. But still the hedges blow for the Spring, and dusty soldiers smell your roses as they tramp to Aldershot or Dorchester.

England forever! Star-pointed and shining. Flinging her hedges out and asunder to embrace the world.

AMY LOWELL.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE COUNTRY MY FATHER TOLD ME OF

BY HARRISON RHODES

THE middle years of one's life are not the pleasantest to be in, these days of war. The late forties and the early fifties hold in them few possibilities of the valiant deeds and shining sacrifices which light up fitfully our darkened world. We who are of that generation may carry a flame within our hearts, but in this world's greatest event we are, after all, but in the reserves. We are far from being useless —indeed there are ten thousand ways in which we serve, and serve gladly, but each man of us knows within him that this is not his war, that the supreme sacrifice and the supreme glory of victory, when it shall come, are youth's, youth's straight and beautiful in khaki. There is here no pretension to being the mouthpiece—even self-appointed—of the middle-aged of America, least of all any intention of picturing the generation of the forties and fifties as morbidly unhappy because they are not young again. Let us be honest. While they do their duties behind the lines cheerfully, willingly and well, there may even quite conceivably come moments when it seems comfortable, since it is inevitable, that these duties are *not* in the firing line. It would be natural and perhaps not very shameful that the flesh of middle age should sometime be weak and reluctant; yet the spirit has its times of strength and vision when these same comfortable men must quietly feel something of the bitterness of chances lost, and find it hard, as they see the flag fluttering against the blue sky, not to be following it to the end, whatever that end may be.

Our fathers, North and South, fought their war; our sons, not we, fight ours. We have somehow fallen in between and to all of us must come moments when we feel that as once the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

world was saved for us by those who went before so now it must be saved for us by those who come after. We stand between two greater generations than our own, between two great periods of the nation's history when America was put to the test, and so God send it, in neither case found wanting.

Yet, though we now take the lesser part, we are the bearers of a great tradition. We can tell our sons of what our fathers did, and so hand on the torch. We can tell them what America was in their grandfathers' days. The story of how she rose to the emergency in '63, and of how both sides, North and South, fought and bled for what seemed to them ideals can never be retold too often; it cannot but heighten our military and civilian courage now to know how hard they fought. Yet it is not just from this point of view that I, of the generation in between, would now write of the country my father told me of, the America of antebellum days, the Ohio of his youth. It is because, so today we all believe, on the whirlwind of the Great War the Revolution is coming, bringing in a simpler, fairer life for all, and because in the picture I can make myself of this earlier America of my father and your father's boyhood I find what may possibly be hints and lessons for the new America of my old age and yours and of our grandsons' boyhood.

They lived simply and frugally in the Northern Ohio of those days. In the farming and dairy country and the small villages that dotted it, money in any modern sense was unknown. I have the honor to be descended from a rich maternal grandfather—he may have had an income of three thousand dollars a year! But no one in the village had much more. With such a fortune elegance was quite within reach. It is true that my grandmother did the cooking and most of the housework. But my mother had a square piano with carved legs and, when she was at the Eclectic Academy at Hiram, had, so I have been told and like to believe, the prettiest clothes of any girl there. And, if you have a taste for clothes, are there ever any clothes better than the prettiest? Under any new régime the Revolution may subject us to it is probable that an income of three thousand a year, a square piano with carved legs, and if we have any real gift for clothes the prettiest clothes will be within everyone's reach.

Perhaps this old Ohio was not as I see it—I cannot give memories, only handed-down traditions. But it seems to me that riches were so rare that they were not, as they have

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sometimes seemed lately to be in America, the chief source of distinction. Distinction was a more personal thing then, it proceeded from native qualities of mind and heart and the use to which you put them. It was the era of a passionate belief in education; this indeed was, as I figure my father's youth, the chief animating desire of him and all his friends. I have a few letters written to him while he was at the little freshwater academy on the hill, by his sister at home. There was a younger brother who wanted to go up to the academy for a term, but my aunt feared that he would not be able to do so because all my grandfather could give him to go on was three dollars! Yet, incredible as it sounds, it appears from a later letter that he did start on this great educational adventure with these funds and these only in his pocket. I know that my father had at one time the job of ringing the early chapel bell and got fifty cents a week for it—perhaps he turned over this post to the ambitious younger brother.

It must have been easy to teach such students. One of my father's few proud boasts had to do with the days when he had become a teacher at the college. He wanted to give a certain course of lectures, but there was no hour free for it except the time before chapel and even before breakfast. He decided to risk it, however, and at seven in the morning had almost half the college in attendance!

It was "book-learning" and literature and the graces of life that they were after in those days. The book I value most of the few I own is a yellow somewhat tattered volume of Macaulay's *Essays,* bound in a dingy brown paste-board cover. It is a cheap American reprint in a type so small that no one nowadays with any respect for his eyes would even attempt to read it. It has on the fly leaf in his handwriting a statement that it was the first book my father ever bought, and I remember his telling me that he secured it second hand and that it was a great bargain at sixty cents. Macaulay is out of fashion now but between those brown paste-board covers in that infernal print there was an immense store of information set forth in what seemed to the taste of that time some considerable splendor of language. For a boy in a northern Ohio farmhouse the gates must indeed have opened upon a new world, let into the old a clear, invigorating air. Afar from the hilltop of little Hiram with its Eclectic Academy the beacon of education must have flared and called. Not so did I later, with things made easy, go to

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Harvard. But so I believe will the sons of the new democracy take themselves to their shrines of learning.

It is now a long time that technical training or preparation for the triumphs of big business are what is mostly asked of education. "Book-learning" is al nost despised, nobody wants it nowadays very passionately except Russian Jews in the slums of our great cities and young negroes in the cabins of the South; no one else believes in education in the old sense. But will it be so in the days to come? Our young agitators today are by no means turned away from letters and the graces. Even the I. W. W. produce poets. It is at least open to an optimist to believe that when the economic struggle for existence is a little relaxed the proletariat will have something of the same zest for education as had boys and girls in Ohio in those earlier times. One term my father and a chum, both in low financial waters, "boarded themselves" and subsisted for weeks on a diet that nowadays would recommend them vastly to Mr. Hoover, "cornmeal mush" cooked by themselves. Will not something of the fine fervor for the better things of life which was boiled into that humble dish stir the boys of the young twentieth century? Isn't this the kind of simplicity and asceticism which will enable us not only to win the war but to confront life after it? What America has done cannot America do again?

It is pleasant—pleasant for me at least—to linger over the tales and traditions of my father's teaching days at the little college. There was an enthusiastic band of them in the faculty, James A. Garfield and a wonderful Miss Almeda Booth, who has never been forgotten in that part of Ohio, and others. They had all of them an exuberant and full-throated delight in letters and learning and their talks were *noctes ambrosianæ*. Somehow it seems to me that before their eyes all English literature glittered as if the dew still lay upon it. They were far from the centers of light and leading in the East. But pilgrims sometimes came, bringing news of Cambridge and Boston and Concord. There is a pleasant passage in one of Mr. Howells's recent books in which he tells of a late afternoon on Garfield's porch at Hiram when his host suddenly rushed to the fence and called to the people of the houses near by to "come over." "He's telling about Longfellow and Emerson and Thoreau!" he cried. Does not such a world seem young and happy and right?

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It was the custom of those simple days to teach a term at a district school and then, on the tiny hoard saved, study a term at some academy or college. Education in Ohio was there for you, but you had to want it. And something like this seems to me what we may hope for in the socialized future; not that everyone shall receive the higher education quite as a matter of course, but that it shall be there for those who really want it and will work for it. There must have been something pleasant too in sharing your education as you went along, a kind of cheerful and generous community of the goods of the mind. You paused a little while in the district school to help those who were behind you in the road. Will not the new world be built in and by such pauses to help? No personal anecdote which my father could tell me had quite the thrill of the one in which he, a slim boy of sixteen, faced a new school in which boys, bigger than he and bent on mischief, awaited him as pupils. Would moral discipline win or would the secretly frightened young teacher be forced to attempt corporal punishment upon these husky giants? Such were the perils and adventures of education then.

If Germany and Germanized socialism should win we shall all be bound as with chains to the occupation in life appointed for us. But if the Democracy is triumphant we shall hope for a fluidity of social movement much beyond what we have now. The land now is full of unhappy square pegs in round holes, kept there, so they think, by the restriction of the capitalistic system as at present practiced. In an ideal world every one will be well fitted into his place. But this entails some experiments, some trying. Again it is useful to reconstruct our parents' world. There they tried experiments.

After the period of being alternately teacher and student my father became teacher altogether. As I say " altogether " I realize that this is not quite true. For he soon began to try his hand at preaching. He was never ordained but there were villages here and there that sent invitations to the young professor to come to them on a Sunday, when he stayed at some leading citizen's house and made the occasion agreeable socially as well as religiously, we may believe. It was thought by many that he would definitely choose the ministry but other calls rang in his ears and he was later the editor of the big newspaper in the nearby city. But for all the energy

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

this shifting and these occupations implied he was a lover of peace and quiet and books and green fields and he turned to a leisurely practice of the law. He was, in the final summing up, not ambitious, as we later came to understand the word, either of money or position. He wanted contentment, and I think found it in ways that perhaps hold a hint for the generation that is now marching ahead into a simpler world, into one more like his.

I think it was an unsnobbish country, that of my father's youth. Certainly a cheerful democracy of feeling lingered on with him to the end. I, as of a younger more vitiated time, used sometimes to urge social distinctions upon his notice, but he maintained the air of believing that they did not exist. I remember for me almost painful moments of fraternization, once with some Irish laborers in a third class carriage bound from Liverpool to Holyhead and Dublin, and again with a queer frowsy Dutch priest who could only manage conversation in a little broken Latin and took us with him to his hotel in Amsterdam, a cheap and unworthy hole I thought. I would give a good deal if I had any such ease in a third class carriage, while the Latin talk seems now to make my Harvard training ineffectual beside that obtained at little Hiram on the hill.

My father had an unconquerable optimistic belief that a human being was generally welcome everywhere. We were great walkers and sight-seers. He and I were used to plunge unhesitatingly past "no admittance" and "no trespass" signs. *I* hesitated, but I followed him. The rule was, so my father asserted, to go ahead until someone stopped you and turned you back. We were stopped often enough, but we were rarely turned back. Indeed we generally ended by seeing whatever it was we had wanted to see under the friendly guidance of those whose business it theoretically was to eject us. We sometimes even got lunch, and once an invitation for the night. It was like young George Ticknor, one of our earliest European tourists, in the gardens of Blenheim receiving an invitation from the Duke as a tribute to his nationality—except that I am afraid our host was somewhat less than ducal. There will be fewer of these chilling signs in the future and more of a disposition to share the beauties of the earth with one's fellow man. In more ways than one my father's rule may become a widely popular one —go ahead until some one stops you.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Some of the characteristics of this country my father told me of are gone forever, no swing of any pendulum can bring them back. The German-Americans of that day had fled from oppression at home, and though they cherished the customs and habits of the older land, they were loyal here. When the time came they helped us fight the war of the sixties. We were brought up to think of them as simple kind men and women and good American citizens. No hints were ever heard of another loyalty to Prussia, though indeed people looked not unkindly on the new Empire. There was a fat man named Harms who had a vineyard on a hillside to which I was often taken Sunday afternoons by my father. He had constructed in the very branches of a huge maple tree a platform reached by a stair-case from the ground. Here there were tables and chairs, and to sit here in mid-air among green leaves and be allowed to drink a small glass of sweet wine was the very most agreeable debauchery of my boyhood. No boy growing up now can ever see his German-American fellow citizens in any such golden mist of kindly feeling as I had for Mr. Harms. The European Germany has taken such possibilities from her descendants here—and made their way, even for the best and most loyal of them, an arid path for a long time to come.

Periods of national life come into fashion and go out of it, and it is not all a matter of furniture and wall-papers and coats and frocks. People are collecting now all the quaint house-furnishings of that time; I think they are also collecting memories. Only a few of the men and women of before the old war linger with us still. I have a sense that everywhere through the land young and middle-aged and almost old younger people are listening to them as they tell their stories for the last time, and that the country that they tell us of seems every day more lovely and simple and clean and good. Is not the money fever already waning? Is the selfishness and the self-indulgence not already burned out of us, some of it, by this our new test? Is that earlier America of our fathers a mere mirage now, or are we to find it or something of it in the later America that we catch glimpses of beyond the desert wastes of war?

As I look back and remember what my father told me, of course the great event seems their war, fought—from their point of view—to preserve the union and to free the slaves. Now we again have war, and now again there are many who

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

believe that there are still slaves to be freed. It is significant that one of the newest and most advanced journals of the Revolution takes for its title the historic one of *The Liberator* and brings out its first issue on Lincoln's Birthday. Does the pendulum indeed swing back? And can we recapture for our war and our reconstruction something of the fervor of our fathers—something of their high idealism? You boys who go to fight and who shall come back to direct America's course, will you listen occasionally to our stories of the land your grandfathers kept safe for you? We, the generation of your fathers, belong only between the wars. Yet we have sat at our fathers' feet, their hands have been laid on us; we can perhaps in time lay hands on you and consecrate you, hand on to you their traditions of America. And then America and democracy—in their Mr. Lincoln's phrase—shall not perish from the earth.

HARRISON RHODES.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SAMUEL BUTLER'S GOD

BY FELIX GRENDON

THE American publication of *God the Known and God the Unknown* reminds us that Butler was both a moralist who never moralized and an artist whose sense of the divine caused him to reject all traditional systems of divinity. His religion was not a pigeon-holed affair to be lugged out once every Wednesday prayer meeting and twice on Sundays, but an essence of his personality, a mental factor inseparable from his conception of life or his thoughts on art, philosophy, and science. Thus it is basic in the very bone and tissue of all his work, in his evolutionary and fictional writings quite as much as in his ecclesiastical satires, *Erewhon Revisited* and *The Fair Haven*. But what is colloidal in any Butlerian masterpiece is crystallized in the essays about the known and the unknown God. What is held in implicit suspension elsewhere is explicitly stated here. The cardinal points in Butler's religious view of the world are here laid down with his usual distinguished command of simple, supple, compact speech.

God the Known and God the Unknown is a sermon on the brotherhood and Godhead of man without a line of preaching and without a single mention of the words brotherhood or Godhead. Others have no doubt toyed or toiled with the conception of the essential unity and divinity of all forms of life on earth. It remained for Butler to consider and establish this conception, not as a flight of Utopian speculation or an exercise in sentimental gush, but as an essay in straightforward thinking and a matter of cool common-sense.

The nucleus of Butler's religious faith is a biological idea. He believed that the course of evolution has been shaped, in the main, by the design or purpose of the evolving creature, or, to put it more fully, that organic variations are effected

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in the creature by its own effort, trial, and error under the spur of its own will to satisfy new needs or meet changed conditions. The creator, then, is nothing less than the designing or purposeful creature itself; he is not without but within the living organism; God and the living organism are, in fact, identical. This is the nucleus which expands, under Butler's hands, into a much more definite conception. Before we examine this conception closely, it may be well to glance hurriedly at the struggle its author entered upon when he took up the cudgels in the seventies and eighties.

It was a struggle of no mean proportions, although, now that Butler's ideas have triumphed and have completely permeated the educated conscience of our day, it may be easily belittled. What Butler had then to contend with, however, was the new scientific clique on the one hand, and the old theological caste on the other. The first, puffed up with the prestige of the year 1859, had the aggressive backing of scientists and rationalists of almost every shade. The second, defeated in the field but not dislodged from power, was still hopeful of retrieving the fortunes of the orthodox under cover of the artillery of Paley. The two camps divided the world of speculative thought and polite letters absolutely between them. No outsider had a look in. And anyone who tilted a free lance in equal contempt of their partisan rallying cries got as warm a welcome from the ruling chiefs of Science or the Church as an insurgent politician might expect from the chiefs of the regular Conservative or Liberal machines.

Nobody knew this better than Butler. Yet, being gifted or plagued with an incorruptible critical instinct of the very highest order, he could not espouse either side of a quarrel in which he held both champions to be alike in the wrong. The intellectual situation at the time was something like this: Charles Darwin and his followers had made a clean sweep of the old Mosaic tribal deity with such bag and baggage as the hell fire torments and the infant damnation nonsense. Freed from the long reign of terror of a vindictive theology the world gave a sigh of huge relief, canonized Darwin, and celebrated the new rational order. Thus it was not at first noticed that, in their haste to expel a cruel Designer from the scheme of things, the scientists had also expelled design, or that, in destroying every vestige of the six-day creation, they had also destroyed every vestige of a creator. The new order of which Darwin was the patron saint and Natural Selection

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the prime article of faith denied that purpose was the principle underlying the development of life. Instead, a "fortuitous concourse of atoms" ruled supreme.

Butler was among the first to be revolted by the soulless, purposeless, mechanistic universe of the Natural Selection theory. He had no greater love for the standard Theological view, in which men were treated as if they were the sport of God, than for the Pagan view in which

> Like flies to wanton boys are we to the gods,
> They kill us for their sport.

But he was unable to prefer the new scientific view to the older Theological and Pagan views simply because, instead of treating men as the sport of a God or gods, it treated them as the sport of luck. On the contrary, he saw that the Darwinian explanation, in "banishing mind from the world," and replacing the living will by a dreary, endless accumulation of lucky accidents, was no explanation at all. And he felt sure that men would never have accepted it as such save that, in their eagerness to escape from the monstrous Canaanitish idea of the fall of man through natural depravity, they failed to notice that the Darwinian idea of the descent of man through the operation of sheer chance was only less monstrous by a degree.

Butler's advocacy of purpose met with the bitterest opposition from the Darwinian camp. That he urged his theory on strictly biological grounds did not mollify his opponents. The positions and fortunes of the high priests of Science were committed to the undying support of Darwin's version of evolution. For this was the version to which they owed their dominance and any move to discredit and overthrow it was *ipso facto* a move to discredit and overthrow them. Another and more charitable view may be taken of their hostility. They may have thought that they smelled a rat. To the rationalists, the idea of a designed or purposeful world was indissolubly bound up with the worship of Jehovah. They had been at great pains to destroy Jehovah root and branch. They did not mean supinely to let their work be undone through the stealthy reintroduction of purpose. They guessed Jehovah when they heard purpose, as the Irishman guessed a hen's egg when he saw shells, without pausing to make sure whether a hen or an artisan had produced them. With like haste, the rationalists may have looked on Butler's contention that purpose is the principle

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

underlying the origin of species as merely another furtive step towards rehabilitating the Jehovah worship.

As a matter of fact, Butler had not the remotest wish to give new life to an old skeleton. True, he fully accepted Paley's evidences of purpose at work in the world, as well as Paley's conclusion that these evidences point irresistibly to a creator. But there his agreement with the Archdeacon stopped. Paley went on to place this creator on a throne in the skies in some indeterminate spot not to be identified by the usual processes of geography or astronomy. Butler contended, on the other hand, that the words Creator or God, in so far as we can use them with any meaning whatever, mean a person or an organism, one infinitely vaster than a man, no doubt, and one whose life may be considered eternal in comparison with a man's, but one who is none the less a person with both a body and a soul such as we habitually imply when the word person is used.

Accept this contention at its simple face value and two interesting questions at once arise. How do the Pantheist and Theist ideas of God square with Butler's humanly intelligible definition? And where, if there is a God with both a body and a soul, is this Person to be found?

Butler disposes of the first question by maintaining that Pantheism and Theism, the two heads under which the most widely accepted civilized religions fall, are alike Atheism in disguise. Thus the Pantheists believe in a divine principle or energy or soul diffused through and yet separable from the inert cosmic matter it animates. If this incoherent idea can be said to have any meaning for us at all, it is really a complete denial of God. For a God is a person with a body as well as a soul, whereas the animating principle of Pantheism is bodiless. Can a principle be personified, as the Pantheists personify it, without any thought of attaching it to a definite body? Butler points out that "there is no living organism untenanted by Spirit, nor any Spirit perceivable by man apart from an organism embodying and expressing it."

The more recent Pantheists, again, who subscribe to the theory of evolution, appear to believe that the several forms of life have varied while the force or principle of life has remained a constant factor. This Pantheism is neither clearer nor more acceptable than the Pantheism of Wordsworth or Giordano Bruno. Can anyone conceive of Life as becoming more and more highly organized without at the same time

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

thinking of the Life Force as becoming more and more highly organized? To think of the evolution of Life and not concurrently to think of the evolution of the Life Force is to form an idea that baffles common-sense analysis. Clear-minded people will hardly wish to follow the Pantheists further. They "speak of a person without meaning a person; they speak of a 'him' and a 'he' without having in their minds the idea of a living person with all its inevitable limitations." The most we can say for Pantheistic believers is that they have tried to lay hold of an important truth but have not quite succeeded in capturing it.

Orthodox Theists are in a like case. They, too, speak of their supreme being as a Person. But this Person turns out on examination to be a Person without a body and without a residence tangible to any of our senses. In short, he proves to be an impersonal person, which is only another way of saying that he is no true person or God in any coherent sense at all.

Yet Theists and Pantheists and many adherents of more primitive creeds have for ages past agreed in sharing a deeply rooted human belief in "a God who is the Spirit and the Life of all that is, and who is a true person with an individuality and a self-consciousness of his own." Butler declares that an idea entertained by so many for so long a time must have some foundation. "But," he adds,

> there can be no God who is not personal and material: and if personal, then, though inconceivably vast in comparison with man, still limited in space and time, and capable of making mistakes concerning his own interests, though as a general rule right in his estimates concernng them. Where, then, *is* this Being? He must be on earth, or what folly can be greater than speaking of him as a person? What are persons on any other earth to us, or we to them? He must have existed and be going to exist through all time, and he must have a tangible body. Where, then, *is* the body of this God? And what is the mystery of his Incarnation?

This is Butler's own statement of the second question. To understand his answer fully, the reader must follow him over the ground covered in the fascinating pages of *Life and Habit*. The central feature of this book is its daring explanation of the sureness and unconsciousness with which a person goes through extremely complex functions like the circulation of the blood. Butler held that this sureness and unconsciousness are achieved only by trial, error, and innumerable repetitions made, through long epochs of time, by the *same*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

person. Therefore, when a man circulates his blood with unconscious accuracy, we must see *this one man* as having performed the act countless times not only in his own body but in the body of his forefathers for untold generations. When an embryo develops in the womb we must see *this same embryo* as having pursued its embryonic career over and over again, until it has come to know the steps so well that it now remembers them unconsciously or goes through them without conscious thinking. What this means is that an offspring and its parent must be seen as identical, any child being as much a part or continuation of its ancestors as the octogenarian is of his own six-year-old self.

As soon as we grasp this highly original conception of the continuity of personality, we shall cease to look on plants and animals as strictly separate organisms. We shall recognize all animal and vegetable life as "united by a subtle ramification, so that all living things are as one tree-like growth, forming a single compound person."

With this key, evolution becomes a surprisingly clear, definite, and workable conception. It is as if some huge continent whose coasts we have touched here and there and whose vast interior we have guessed at, is set before us by a bold explorer who has circumnavigated and charted it. We are straightway placed in a position where science and religion may be understood as at one, where the old "quarrel" between them may be "reconciled," to use a curious popular phrase of the previous century. As if a truly religious attitude could be unscientific or a truly scientific attitude could be irreligious! And the convinced Butlerian can effect the "reconciliation" without putting mystic constructions on the discoveries of the one or giving symbolic interpretations to the claims of the other. Now it is between the inference of science that all living forms have been organized from protoplasm and the inference of religion that a divine purpose is the instigating principle of mutation, that the conflict has been supposed to lie. Conflict becomes harmony in Butler's magnificently simple conception of a protoplasm-creature or a protoplasm-Creator (call it either or both) whose sense of need or purposive will is the mainspring of creative evolution. By virtue of this conception, both the experimental findings of the biologist and the intuitional faith of the believer in design become acceptable to the best men and women "whose instincts," as Earnest says in *The*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Way of All Flesh, " are in themselves an evidence not lightly to be set aside."

This, then, is the most astonishing feature of Butler's theory of personal identity. The same stroke by which he gives evolution a backbone of purpose enables him to give religion a backbone of evolution. In a biological inquiry into the son of Man, he rediscovers God, just as in a religious inquiry into the son of God, he rediscovers Man. For, how are we to denote this mighty corporate personality of which men, animals, and plants are but the composite items? In its inconceivable vastness and antiquity, it exceeds a man as much as a man exceeds the living, self-conscious cells of which he is formed. In comparison with a single man or plant, it may indeed be said to be as nearly infinite in extent or eternal in duration as the coherence of such words will allow. Can we conceive of the purpose and spirit that animate this mighty composite Person under any meaner name than God? Butler thinks not. He says:

> A single God-impregnate substance is the parent from which all living forms have sprung . . .
>
> . . . All living forms, whether animal or vegetable, are in reality one animal; we and the mosses being part of the same vast person in no figurative sense, but with as much *bona fide* literal truth as when we say that a man's finger-nails and his eyes are parts of the same man . . . It is in this Person that we may see the Body of God—and in the evolution of this Person, the mystery of His Incarnation.
>
> . . . The Theologian dreams of a God sitting above the clouds among the cherubim, who blow their loud uplifted angel trumpets before Him, and humour Him as though He were some despot in an Oriental tale; but we enthrone Him upon the wings of birds, on the petals of flowers, on the faces of our friends, and upon whatever we most delight in of all that lives upon the earth. We then can not only love Him, but we can do that without which love has neither power nor sweetness, but is a phantom only, an impersonal person, a vain stretching forth of arms towards something that can never fill them—we can express our love and have it expressed to us in return. And this not in the uprearing of stone temples—for the Lord dwelleth in temples made with other organs than hands—nor yet in the cleansing of our hearts, but in the caress bestowed upon horse and dog, and the kisses upon the lips of those we love.

But there are also points of agreement between the Butlerian faith and orthodoxy—points, moreover, on which Butler makes orthodox phrases clearer to the Theist than they can ever have been before. He begins with the well-known statement that man has been made in the image of God. Plainly, the theologian cannot mean what he says,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

since nothing horrifies him more than the suggestion that his God has a body. Butler explains that

> each of our tributary selves is so far made after the likeness of the body corporate that it possesses all our main and essential characteristics—that is to say, that it can waste and repair itself; can feel, move, and remember. To this extent, also, we—who stand in mean proportional between our tributary personalities and God—are made in the likeness of God; for we, and God, and our subordinate cells alike possess the essential characteristics of life which have been above recited. It is more true, therefore, for us to say that we are made in the likeness of God than for the orthodox Theologian to do so.

Passages equally pregnant and distinguished might be multiplied without number until the text of *God the Known and God the Unknown* were quoted wholesale. No lover of Butler will fail to remedy the omission at first hand or, at any rate, miss reading the two very witty, profoundly moving chapters on *The Likeness of God* and *The Life Everlasting*. In the first of these, Butler shows how much clearer, richer, and more intelligible certain widely current expressions become in the light of his conception of a panzoistic God. Among the citations are Christian expressions like "God has taken our nature upon Him"; Jewish expressions like "He knoweth our down-sitting and our up-rising"; popular expressions like "God helps them that help themselves" (because in helping themselves they are helping Him); and Roman expressions like "*vox populi, vox Dei.*" Butler's droll and keen analysis should be read for pure delight, even though the interpretations themselves may now seem easy to anticipate.

The Life Everlasting is an essay on the life after death. Butler believes with all his might in this continuance of life. He offers us immortality, but he does not offer us resurrection from the dead. Will reasonable men crave a greater boon or prefer to this offer the orthodox offer of immortality weighted down by resurrection? There is, in truth, no promise that a man will repeat his specific individuality either on Earth or in Heaven or Hell, or that he will whisper spirit messages to Sir Oliver Lodge, or that his soul will migrate to a higher or a lower form. But there is an assurance that he will continue his life in the lives of those whom he has given birth to, or whom he sways through the thoughts and works he has begotten. Surely it is idle to pretend that, with our so-called deaths, our life ends in any complete sense, since we remain, what we have always been, influencing or

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

influential parts of that composite being who is the known God of this world and who, as human measurements go, may be said never to die.

So much for God the Known. But is there not perhaps some vaster person who looms behind our God and stands in the same relation to him as he to us? Butler considers it extremely probable. It is altogether likely, he says, that "the impregnator of this earth may have prepared the earth for the reception of his offspring, as a hen makes an egg-shell or a peach a stone for the protection of the germ within it. If so, this impregnator is one of the constituent "units of an unknown and vaster personality who is composed of Gods, as our God is composed of all the living forms on earth, and as all those living forms are composed of cells. This is the Unknown God. Beyond this second God we cannot at present go, nor should we wish to do so, if we are wise."

Clearly, no active, sensible man will show much greater concern about the destiny of God the Unknown than an active, sensible corpuscle is accustomed to show about the divine destiny of the man in whose bloodstream it courses. Into a matter so remote from the normal business of living, we may peer only at our peril. Our daily concern is with God the Known who lives in us as we live in Him, and whose welfare it is for our welfare to study closely.

Butler does not directly use his scientific and religious views to press home moral reforms or social propaganda. For the most part he is content to let reformers or propagandists fire off the ammunition he has manufactured. Yet, though he never ceases to deprecate mere moral indignation or proselyting fervor, and though he never runs up the colors of any specific reform or attempts *in hoc signo* to conquer the world, he nevertheless enters into direct action often enough and unmistakably enough to remove all doubt as to which side he cleaves to. As we have seen, Butler has no earthly use for the God of the Theists. Nor, in repudiating this omniscient nonentity and omnipotent vacuum, does he substitute a mystic Invisible King as H. G. Wells would do. He invites us to see God in a visible tangible Person, a Person who incorporates all the Life of our planet and possesses a remorselessly aspiring and self-improving nature.

And as regards Man—the governing organ of the corporate Person—what part is Man to play in this collective aspiration? Butler gives no express answer to this ques-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tion, but, in a hundred indirect ways, he reveals his belief that the human mission is a fourfold one. On man falls the responsibility of so dealing with religion, government, social economy, and education as will enable Life to organize itself into Life of a superior order. To recognize the clear title of every human being to divine rights and also to divine obligations, to effect a real equality of opportunity through a radical fiscal rearrangement, to abolish all retaliatory punishment, and to instruct the young in the truths that Life is turning into established facts, rather than in the facts (once truth,) that Death has already turned into veiled lies —this should be Man's programme. This was substantially the programme of Jesus. And neither more nor less than this has been the programme of every great reformer since the Christian era began.

FELIX GRENDON.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SHELLEY AND NATURE

BY A. M. D. HUGHES

SHELLEY habitually regarded himself as a wanderer among men, often with self-pity, but oftener with pride. During his life he never succeeded in keeping a home, and can scarcely be said to have had a country. The very word "homeless" has a suggestion when he uses it of freedom and joy, and his favorite landscapes are manless places,—forests, wastes, seas, river gorges, and mountain steeps. It was as hard for him to curb himself in a sphere as to stop the rings from spreading outward when he played at ducks and drakes; and his mind was ever spreading in the same way from Man to Nature and from Nature to God; so that earth, merged in heaven, is viewed simply as the robe or veil of God. Now the *anima mundi* of Shelley is his own spirit writ large—never resting, as in Wordsworth, in a "central peace," but always in a troublous aspiration. And Nature, as he sees her, is the image of her Soul. By a pre-established harmony his strength and weakness as an observer conspire perfectly with his metaphysical idea, and as in his thought all things seethe and pulse in desire together, so in his vision all things are in a flux and a burning energy. Infinity, then, whether it appear in form and extent, or motion, or power, is Shelley's distinctive note. It is characteristic of Wordsworth, and to a lesser degree of Coleridge also, to brood over some small spot of earth and elicit its "soul"—a mountain tarn or dell, the bend of a river, a lake with its circle of hills. Keats needed no other food for his eager and exquisite senses than the familiar beauty of the southern counties, wood and stream, flower and field; and such is his "warm and feeling heart" for "Nature's gentle doings" that, as he himself declared, to look away to the distance is to lose pleasure.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

But it is just the distances that Shelley instinctively seeks, the

> Islanded seas, blue mountains, mighty streams
> Dim tracts and vast,

and " all waste and solitary places ",

> Where we taste
> The pleasure of believing what we see
> Is boundless, as we wish our souls to be.

Ruskin has told us in *Modern Painters* that the common love of a lighted background in a picture or a scene is a spiritual attribute and kindred to the love of liberty. No gorge or forest walk in Shelley but sky or starlight will give the escape, and the scenes he most loves, like his desired Aegean paradise, are

> Twixt Heaven, Air, Earth, and Sea
> Cradled, and hung in clear tranquility,

and " washed by blue oceans of air "; nor is any other English poet so regardful of sun, and star, and cloud, and the " deep wildernesses of heaven." For the one vision in many aspects that he desires to see is that of the Divine Influence in grand and resistless power. He began in poetry by trying to portray it sweeping through the hearts of men,—and failed. In *The Revolt of Islam,* for instance, the most ambitious of his earlier works, he would recall the great days of 1789, when a whole people shook like reeds together to the word of liberty. But the men and women of the tale are mere shadows that melt in the glory instead of shining with it. In Nature it is otherwise. In terms of Nature he can show forth the Spirit of Beauty " going from end to end " as he never could in terms of Man. True, his deepest experience is always the visitation of the Spirit in his own heart; but if in himself he can see it deep, it is only in earth and sky that he sees it wide. And the wider the better; there must be no stint or stay, no border or bourn.

He desires, then, an endless flow of energy to be the emblem of the Power " that penetrates and clasps and fills the world." And he has it most conspicuously in motion and light. Consequently, whatever checks or pens that flow—all fixed lines and shapes, all things massive or stiff, in a word, any self-insistent form—is an impediment to his imagination. In this respect he offers a striking contrast,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and at the same time a striking resemblance, to Browning. Professor Herford, in his penetrating study of Browning, has noted his savage joy in toothed and jagged outlines and stark and salient peaks. Shelley, on the other hand, regards these things almost always with horror, as in the case of the serpent jaws on the head of da Vinci's Medusa, or the prickly and blistering vegetation in the rotting garden of *The Sensitive Plant,* or the torture-wheels fished up from the wrecks of the Armada on the Cornish Coast.[1] It is true that he rejoices in spires and clear-cut forms rising into the sky; but always and only when the light has turned them, as it were, to spirit or flame. Looking at a splendid sunrise from the Euganean Hills, he sees the towers and columns of Venice shining " like obelisks of fire," and pointing upwards from the sea floor " with an inconstant motion," like a burning sacrifice. So, too, he is fond of the flexuous and dissolving shapes of fire or rushing water. Or he will have his way by means of the intricacy of the lines. Browning delighted in a labyrinth or in any rough and much articulated surface for the joy of tracing the pattern. Like him, Shelley is often busy with tracery or veining in leaf or rind or stone, with tangled fibres and knotted roots, with the checker of leaves against the sky or shade or the ground, with the network of cloud or rock or ice, and the windings of caverns and forest paths; not, however, for form's sake, but for its confusion,—because the pattern is indeterminate and the eye is free to roam. He can never describe clearly a room or a street, or the things men make and use, for these are definite. In *Charles the First* he makes perhaps his one attempt at this sort of scenery, in the passage on the view of London from one of the bridges, but it altogether misses fire; and his nearest sight of Venice is at a moment when the city and hills are " huddled " into one eerie fabric in a blazing sunset. But he is quick to seize on the visual delusions that loosen the consistency of the scene. His mountain peaks " pierce the heavens like things not belonging to this earth," and his parasites " flow " round the trees " like restless serpents." He loved the mountains, and was affected at sight of the Alps " by an ecstatic wonder not unallied to madness." But no image such as that of Browning's hills " like the teeth in an old lion's jaw " would ever have come from his pen. He saw these masses through

[1] *Letter to Maria Gisborne,* 35. The description of the engineer's workshop in this poem is in the grotesque and illustrates the point. Cf. *Hellas* 857.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

mist or sheen or "islanded in immeasurable air," or floating in moonlight, or levelled with the plain by noontide haze,—changeful as cloud. The Apennine, that rested all day, a gray shadow "twixt earth and sky," is dissolved by the night and the wind to a chaos of noise and darkness, and "walks abroad with the storm."

Thus there is nothing left immovable under the moon; matter is a mere surd and almost a shade; and his whole endeavor is to turn it into the thinnest medium of energy. His whole world is quick, pure, and light—quivering, swaying, dancing, darting, eddying. He dwells indeed at times on the calms in Nature; but the calms have always in them an "ardour of rest and love," like the stormy waters soothed by the blue of heaven, and "tremulous with soft influence." And they are rare episodes. For the most part the earth is full of speed, and the "chorus of the stars" dance "like fireflies" or a "swarm of golden bees." Hence his marked fondness for winged insects,—for the beam-like ephemeris whose path is like lightning's,—and among animals for the antelope, and his admiration of the ascetic type of human beauty,—of steps that "seem to pity the grass," "quivering hands as white as snow," limbs as quick with soul "as the atoms of the mountain drift with the winter wind." A ray, a wind, a cloud of dew, a spark or flash of fire are his choice of moving things. Nay, the gradual happenings of the day and the year are sudden and instant in his poetry. The grass "starts to feel the sun," the "evening peace" is "snapt" by the sunset, the buds in spring "leap from their detested trance," the green lizard and the golden snake issue "like unimprisoned flames."

The other chief agency for the spiritualising of matter is color and light that run like music from fine to fierce and steep the scene and the sense. He is exclusive, indeed, as a colorist, but very delicate, and the world, when he looks upon it, shines and flashes with a strange radiance, like the serpent in the Spring. Other poets may have seen the blossoms gleaming from their coverts "like gems under a miner's lamp," or starring the grass "like an infant's smile"; a few may take as subtle notes as that of the rooks flashing out of cloud into sunlight over the Euganean Hills with the dew gleaming "in golden spots on wings of purple grain." But fewer still are equally observant of spent lights and "dun ethereal glooms," or the glimmer of glow-worm or star,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

or the pallor of moonlit flowers, or the faint sheen from rose or lily on overhanging leaves. It is almost with a second sight that he speaks so often of a kind of luminous *aura* shrouding and, as it were, dissolving the body and the face, "undulating" with the "mazes" of motions and looks, burning through the raiment, and "making the cold air fire." But the means whereby his world is the image of its Soul consist, in respect of color and light, not alone in the vividness and exigency of the sense, but other qualities converge with these: (a) His hues are not warm and rich like Keats's, or bold like Browning's, but lucent and liquid,—that is to say, clear and groundless, as though every mote of matter were sifted away. (b) There are very few such strident contrasts as Browning loved, but each spot of color is congenial to its neighbors. He rejoices in the mingling or merging of the strains,—pale azure fading into silver on a shell or a serpent's mail, wings of skyey grain where "orange and azure deepen into gold," or the "tender interfusion" of gold and violet in meadows after rain. Or he puts together the kindred tints; cypress tops in blue air, purple mountains in the orange light of dawn, golden wings in a dun mist. (c) And all that liquid harmony is consummated by what he calls the "interfusion" or "interpenetration" of the hues, by a sum of light where each hue gives and takes, and all burn together. This was in part the fascination that always drew his steps to the nearest river or lake or pond. Sky and tree, as reflected in the clear water, were brighter and softer than themselves, and all the elements of the picture communed more perfectly than in daylight in the elemental glow. (d) But this glory is never quiet. It pulses, trembles, or is caught in flashing by. More especially, the deep dramatic instinct in Shelley reveals itself in the treatment of light, as it also does in his awe at the coming on of storm. His sunset is never like Wordsworth's,—

> the silent spectacle—the gleam,
> The shadow—and the peace supreme.

But it deepens on and up to the "last red agony," or until sea and land are "dissolved as in one lake of fire." So too the moonlight scene in *Alastor* gathers to the point where all Nature hangs, as it were, on the one last ray, and the daybreak in the second act of *Prometheus,* to the moment when the light is far flung over peaks and dales, and the icy

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

summits fling it up as a rock the sea spray. As the hours wear on, mist and haze are withdrawn, " veil after veil," until in the meridian " interfusion " the earth is " as a naked bride glowing with love and loveliness." It seems as if the intensity can go no further, and all color must wilt and whiten beneath it.

The same keen but partial sensibility is shown in his apprehension of sound and scent. His hearing is nowhere near as discriminative as Wordsworth's, whose master faculty it was. Shelley can read and mark Nature as well as any if he needs to do so, and he does so by the way. But the scheme of his vision is far too large for more than a chance few of the minuter observations. As his manner is, however, he abounds in exquisite versions of the simpler and grander effects. Who that can savor the odor of poetry will doubt whose hand it was that wrote of " lulling snows that beat with their soft flakes the mountain side," or of the spotted deer lying in the moonlight,

> and the slow silent night
> Is measured by the pants of their calm sleep.

It is characteristic of him, too, that he listened with peculiar fondness to ceaseless and sea-like sound, as of the plying or pulsing of a boundless power,—" the universal air whispering from bough to bough," the tumultuous harmonies of the autumn storm, or the " lone loud sound no other sound could tame " of the cataracts of the Arve.

The intensity and the refinement appear again in his love of flowers. Of these the richly scented abound in his poetry,—the jonquil, the tuberose, the lemon-flower, the musk, the jasmine. We hear of him swooning away on one occasion with the scent of a field of jonquils near Pisa. But this was not voluptuousness. Shelley, in comparison with ordinary men, indeed, is one of the ascetics; not one who refused to touch and taste, but one in whom sensation is always the base and food of the exalted mind, and the very keenness of his perceptions a sign of austerity. Thus he is not less tender to the shy and dowerless flowers, and to the faint and frail,—the laurel, the anemone, the " moon-folded eglantine," the blue-bell, and above all the violet, that

> While yet its leaves with nightly dews are wet,
> Breathes in prophetic dreams of day's uprise.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

We are told on the one hand by Medwin that Shelley was deep in the love of the plants and could name them all, and on the other by Hogg that he knew less about them, and observed them less, than most other men. It is certain that only one of the trees appeals to his imagination,—the scathed and solitary pine in the path of the glacier or the mountain wind, "the Ahasuerus of the mountains," as it has been well called; and for the rest he hardly knows one from another. But there is that in flowers that rooted his attention. *The Sensitive Plant* and *The Question* could not have been written by one who did not study them, though the study was probably late in coming, since it is only the later poems that indicate it. Hardly any other poet can fable so winsomely of all the life of these "incarnations of the stars," for hardly any other is so conscious of "the shadow of humanity" in Nature.

This quick and restless world, with its high lights and keen hues, is plainly a transfiguration of the real. There is nothing drab or neutral here. There is little said of Winter, unless it is of its snow and ice, or of the sober-suited weeks of the late summer. Even the "childhood of sweet June" is a little scanted of praise. It is almost always autumn or spring; not mellow or mild, as in the quieter poets, but in flagrant power. It is the world of a lucent dream, where any strange thing is in place, where the Lady of Atlas and the miraculous beasts and plants from Lucan or Pliny or elsewhere are all indigenous creatures, and it is no fallacy, but the only language that avails, when he turns his winds and stars to ensouled and impassioned beings at war or love or play.

There is another regard in which the charge of "unreality" to some extent holds good. Who but Shelley would write that a river breaks its barrier "as a flash pierces a vapour"? It is all like that—all force and no fight. His swift planets and waters remind us of that "vast agility" with which he would dash unhindered, as Hogg tells us, through the London crowds. The storm is never presented by him under the aspect of destruction, but only as an ecstasy of Nature. The constituents of his physical universe are like the men of his ideal state; they live and move together with no control and no collision. Browning with his solid hills, Wordsworth with his "stars in their old haunts," could never thus conceive. It could only be done in a world so

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

loose and phantasmal, and in the lack of the structural imagination. And it is in virtue of the same habit of mind in another area of vision—the same incoherence—that he can often see the dæmonic energies of animated life apart from the havoc they involve. His scenes are peopled with fierce and gorgeous birds and beasts from the Orient or the realms of fable: the lion, the leopard, the tiger, the hyena, the ounce; the basilisk and all kinds of serpents; the eagle, the vulture, the dogfish, and the shark. He is fascinated by the fury of the hunt, by the mute fear of brute and bird at the coming of the tempest, by the rush of forest herds ringed round with fire. But he manages at the same time to forget the issues of outrage and death, to isolate the panic trance, and blot out the evil in the grandeur of terror or the beauty of prowess.

Unreal! Inconclusive! Yes; but it is all the other side of his special power. His power lies not only in recovering the primitive excitement that made the myths and saw Nature as a tissue of fiery wills in strange shapes; but it lies also in the crowning or supervening sense of one ocean of incontinent and immeasurable splendor that merges all the lights. This is indeed the "living robe of God." And he uses the same magic when he deals with emotion and thought. He speaks of the spirit of man as a ravine through which the images of truth sweep like a river, a tossing sea under truth's beams, a dim desert where dreams wander, an atmosphere with its aspirations

> Voyaging cloud-like and unpent
> Through the boundless element.

And the thoughts are sudden, casual, incalculable, like shafts of light, or gliding shadows or clouds, or swift and beauteous beasts, or, in time of stir, like the lights and sounds that blaze and roll among the Alpine towers, when the storm is afoot, and the pale dalesmen watch in fear. It is as if he had burst the bar between the pool of the individual consciousness and the open sea of Mind.

His world, then, with all its swift forces, is a gentle world, and battle and outrage are put away. But, though his horror of violence remains with him to the end, he grew stronger year by year to face evil and noisomeness in other forms. The intense justice of the picture of the obscene rottenness and briary malignity in the garden of *The Sensitive Plant,*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the curious study of the foul sea swamp in *Mareugli,*—these are the promise and potency of a gift which might have made him a master of the grotesque, and of which he lived to create one great monument—*The Triumph of Life.* For, after all, he was rooted and grounded in sense,—and was fascinated by reality in all its aspects even when he shrank from it. The philosopher in him might sometimes contend against the poet; so that he doubted which of these two he really was. But even in his prose essays he cannot talk of the Divinity he worshipped without showing that it is revealed to him in " a mist of sense and thought ",—

> Be it love, light, harmony,
> Odor, or the Soul of all;

and if he longed for a sort of Nirvana, it was a state

> Where music and moonlight and feeling are one.

And all this surging universe, at once so spectral and so quick, this extreme glory that is still the dædal world and not a blank light, and " trembles ever, but does not pass away," is the offspring and the image of that midway mind which Browning says is the distinctive mark of Shelley's work among all the moderns—that just balance, ever juster with every year he lived, between one leaning to the real and the seen and another to the unseen and the eternal.

A. M. D. Hughes.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NEW BOOKS REVIEWED

RUSSIA IN UPHEAVAL. By Edward Alsworth Ross. New York: The Century Co., 1918.

For a few months after the overthrow of the Tsar's Government, the Russian people was the object of wondering admiration on the part of all who believe in liberty and progress. In the presence of something that seemed so like a miracle, people forgot that miracles do not happen. It was hoped, it was expected, that the new Russian republic would manifest, from the outset, the strength and wisdom of a full-fledged nation; that it would not only correct long-standing evils with moderation, but would also prove a more formidable enemy to Germany than had been the stupid and corrupt autocracy that it replaced. Now, in the revulsion of feeling caused by the crumbling of Russian morale consequent upon the fatuous peace policy of the Bolsheviki, the temptation is great to rush to the opposite extreme—to despise the Russians as lacking normal intelligence and normal patriotism; or else to regard them indifferently as an enigmatic race, from whom behavior that is, in a Western sense, reasonable and consistent may scarcely be expected.

It is necessary to remember that nothing in this world happens without an adequate cause; that, broadly speaking, the causes that influence human conduct are, when once discovered, simple and easy to understand; that when we really succeed in grasping the point of view of people who act outrageously we often find them behaving very much as we ourselves would behave under the same conditions and with the same knowledge. It is necessary, in short, to be tolerant.

Things in Russia are, perhaps, not so bad as we have thought. To us in America the Bolsheviki Government, a mere travesty upon democracy as we understand it, is offensive. In the place of the Russians, we should have known how to manage infinitely better. Hence, we say that Russia is in a state of anarchy, and that nothing better could be expected of a people devoid of common sense and led by demagogues. This view, though natural enough, is, according to the able sociologist, Edward Alsworth Ross, quite unjustified. However unsound may be the political principles dominant in Russia to-day, the Russians have not ceased to be law-abiding. "No doubt," writes Professor Ross, "the Bolshevist agitators, by fanning the embers of discontent and mutiny, did their utmost to create difficulties for the Kerensky Government, based upon a hollow coalition of the *bourgeoisie* and the working class. . . . But the new men at the helm understood clearly the necessity of order, and trusty armed factory workers, rendering a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

willing obedience to those clothed with authority by the Sovyèts, hastened hither and thither, quelling rioting peasants, unruly soldiers, and criminal mobs. Even in December I heard frequently the observation that in the great cities there was better order and less crime than there had been at any previous time since the Tsar fell." Heavy and damning as is the responsibility which the radicals must bear for disintegrating the discipline of the army, they are not exactly anarchists; nor are the people deficient in the instinct for order.

Nevertheless, the situation is, in all conscience, bad enough. What are the causes?

Foreign observers—especially Americans—have been accustomed to attribute to the Russians excellent inborn traits. The Russian peasant, though not exactly thrifty nor steadily industrious, is patient and reliable. He is, if rightly approached, the most reasonable person on earth—a characteristic which he shares with his fellow-countrymen generally. The average Russian has in him a strain of deep seriousness; he has extraordinary sympathy for others, and possesses something like a genius for reading human beings. Despite indications to the contrary, he is not given to brutality. Occasional pogroms and other outrages are to be attributed not to natural depravity, but to government encouragement in many cases, and to that imitativeness and suggestibility, comprehensible enough in a childlike people, which make the crowd spirit a more potent influence in Russia than it is in other lands. To the general rule the Cossack is no exception. "He was a ready tool of despotism, just as a regiment of Montana cowboys who could not read would be a facile instrument of capitalism if projected into a Pittsburgh labor-conflict."

But if it is true, as has been said, that the Russians inherit all the Christian virtues, except chastity, and if they are also hard-headed and reasonable, how can we account for the failure of the revolution? The answer, in one word, is ignorance.

It is probable that not more than two-fifths of all the adults in Russia are able to read. The full consequence of this general illiteracy is difficult for us to realize. "Limited to his eyes and the spoken word, the Russian peasant is like a man with a lantern who can see only four paces about him." How can one expect national consciousness upon the part of a Russian who has no mental image of Russia, never saw a map of the world, and could not locate his country upon such a map? "Do you want to let the Germans have this province?" said an officer to some soldiers, who were running away. "But I am from Siberia," said one. Another said, "I am from Samara." On a different occasion, a fugitive, reproached for letting the Germans draw nearer Petrograd, replied: "Oh, they're a long way from *my* village." A deserter was chided: "So you don't care whether our capital or even Holy Moscow itself falls into German hands!" "What difference will it make to me?" was his answer. "I live in Astrakhan!"

For reasons obvious enough to one who knows Russian history the people, even when not absolutely ignorant, have few *standards*. Economic standards, hygienic standards, moral standards—the fruits of freedom and opportunity—are largely wanting. Even the intellectual class, we are told, are little ruled by intellectual standards. In a country such as Russia has been, this is not surprising. Goodness of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

heart, reasonableness of mind, may survive, despite ignorance and oppression; but much of the virtue upon which we pride ourselves cannot well endure under such conditions. Indeed, to a greater extent than we know, what keeps us up to the mark is unwillingness to fall below a certain standard of living.

Undoubtedly, one important handicap upon Russian progress is, and perhaps may continue to be, the system of "strip tillage" in the cultivation of land. Communistic in plan, and therefore dear to the Russian heart, but wasteful and inconvenient in itself, the strip system not only lessens the productivity of the land, but also encourages rapid increase in the size of peasant families—since the greater the number of sons in a family the greater is the number of land shares allotted to it. Here, then, is a historic cause that explains much.

But why, in spite of all this, did not the *bourgeoisie*, the prosperous and intelligent middle class, exercise more influence upon the course of the revolution? The answer that Professor Ross gives to this question is interesting and appears to be adequate. The *bourgeoisie* were impotent because under the old régime they had been accustomed to obtain favors by "pull." Nothing was done by vote-getting, but all by lobbying. In consequence, the *bourgeoisie* developed no vote-winning powers, nor had they as in other countries a band of "camouflage politicians" to help them. After the revolution, therefore, "the captains of industry were as helpless as fish on dry land."

Politics—such politics as there could be under the old régime—was in the hands of the intellectuals, a class which, for want of opportunity to obtain practical experience, became mere ardent theorists. The People-ists idealized the commune—a native Russian growth. These were superseded by the Marxian socialists, who split into two main groups—Mensheviki, and Bolsheviki. "Menshevik" came to mean "one who wants the laboring class to be a powerful element in a *bourgeois* state, while 'Bolshevik' was one who aspired to a state in which the *bourgeoisie* shall have no share." Besides these, there were the Constitutional Democrats, the "Kadets." These, who were the first to be thoroughly organized, because a tolerated party, were able to guide the early stages of the revolution; but they soon lost power because they did not give the people what they wanted. They "agreed that the old régime was iniquitous, but failed to draw the obvious conclusion that the distribution of wealth that grew up under it must partake of its character and be iniquitous, too!" Especially after the return to Russia of a great horde of banished revolutionists—some of them sham revolutionists, and all radicals—the moderate liberal party was doomed.

It is interesting to trace in Professor Ross's narrative the course of political cross-currents, influenced by socialistic theories and by the economic demands of the laboring classes, and nearly all tending perversely away from democracy of the American type. Upon one strong factor that helped to bring about the present status, the author lays especial emphasis. This is the superior organization of the working class.

"By organizing first, it gained a broad running start over the propertied class, and now there is no likelihood of the *bourgeoisie* overtaking it. Anything the latter attempts in the way of open and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

comprehensive organization will be put down by force"—a significant statement, which brings Russian and American conditions into bold contrast.

To be sure, not all of the industrial changes brought about by the Sovyèt government are extravagant or unjust. Some of them, indeed, are, in Professor Ross's opinion, admirable experiments. In regard to some of these matters a good deal of misapprehension has existed in the United States. For example, although wages have been pushed up very considerably, they have not been pushed extravagantly high in comparison with prices. But side by side with the author's somewhat favorable view of Sovyèt administration must be set the results of his interesting interview with Trotsky. Although to an American radical the views of Trotsky may seem not wholly unreasonable, one finds agreement on the part of Russian economists that "the Russian workmen are too ignorant and short-sighted to submit themselves to the sound economic ideas that may be held by their leaders." Radicalism backed and pushed on by ignorance!

And yet there is no occasion for pessimism. The causes of evil may be removed. What Russia needs is private property in land, free institutions, schools, and libraries—all on a great scale. Granted these, she may in a generation or two attain any level of culture now in the world.

Such are some of the conclusions one may draw from a perusal of Professor Ross's book—an entertaining treatise rich in the observations and descriptive notes that an open-minded traveler may gather and full of anecdotes some of which flash a sudden light upon Russian society. Dealing sanely and objectively with actual post-revolutionary conditions, the book in no small degree makes the Russian problem intelligible.

THE FAITH OF FRANCE. By Maurice Barrès, of the French Academy. Translated by Elisabeth Marbury. New York: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1918.

France is united as perhaps no country was ever united before. The fact itself is easy to understand, for deeds proclaim it. The meaning of the fact is not so easy to grasp. Patriotism, heroism—these words, staled by common use, seem too barren to express the spiritual unity of France. The truth is that in this war of righteousness against unrighteousness something bigger is at work in human nature than we have had general experience of in the past, something bigger than we have adequate words to express. It is easy to misunderstand the matter. The case seems to be not that religiously minded men are the most patriotic or, on the other hand, that on the battle-front religion is swallowed up in patriotism. Rather, men about to die in a good cause seem to find their dearest and purest beliefs confirmed and intensified by a truth that is perceived intuitively. In fighting for France and for humanity they feel that they are becoming better Catholics, better Protestants, better Jews, better Socialists; yes, and better freethinkers—and that their sacrifice is eternally worth while.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The faith of France—this is something that no economist, no historian, no psychologist, could ever explain to us by the methods of his science. If we speak of the natural indignation of a free people unjustly attacked, of the love of country born in all of us, of the tendency to forget differences in the face of a common danger, we fail to convey more than a small part of the truth. All degrees of heroism exist—from the heroism of the red Indian who throws away his life in a tribal feud to the noblest martyrdom. This last cannot be compressed into a formula. There is only one way of fully understanding it, no doubt, and that is the way of self-sacrifice. But all may gain some faint and partial understanding of it through reading the words of those who actually died for France. And so, to bring home to us, in the only possible way, something of the faith of France, M. Barrès has made this book.

France has many varieties of belief, and these are held with great logical distinctness and with deep feeling. In France to-day, not only are Catholics and Protestants fully aware of their disagreements; not only is the Jew keenly conscious of his race and its mission; but the Socialist, the Traditionalist, and the free-thinker, each clings to his mode of thought as to a religion, and develops it into a philosophy which affects the whole of his life.

The extraordinary thing is that the faith instilled into men's hearts upon the battlefield does not abolish, though it transcends, intellectual differences. The war has not blurred the outlines of a single creed; rather, it has made the peculiarities of each all the more distinct. Face to face with death, every man sees essential moral truth with intense clearness; yet he sees it in the form suggested by his own previous convictions and through the medium of his own temperament. But is not the intensity of the vision all that matters? Are not the varieties of conviction of the same nature as the differences of temperament—inevitable in a world like ours, useful in furthering human development, but by no means fundamental? After reading this book of M. Barrès's one is inclined to answer both questions affirmatively.

"When this letter reaches you," wrote a dying soldier to his parents, "your child will have gone to heaven, unless some kind Germans may have rescued him on the field of battle. Yesterday morning, September 8, at about half-past six, while you were at mass, owing to the holy will of Providence I was struck by a ball which went through my thigh and I fell. I am still on the same spot, for, by a truly unworthy similarity with the fate of my Saviour Jesus on the cross, I am actually nailed to my cross, being unable to move my leg even the smallest part of an inch. . . . You knew that before I left, I had made a vow to sacrifice my life. I have renewed this vow many times since yesterday morning. I renew it again now with all that may be pleasing to God to add or to retract. I have *no* fear of death; I have seen it and I see it still too near me even as I write. There is nothing horrible about it, because it brings happiness. As for yourselves, I pray that your grief will be silent, resigned, almost joyful. My greatest sorrow is to leave you, but I know that before long I shall find you again."

Surely there is no need to comment upon the unconscious eloquence of this last message from a young Catholic. The letter in its simplicity is a poem of essential Christianity.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In an equal degree Protestant soldiers about to die command this same unsought power, this same universal appeal. "I shall not die," wrote one of them, "I shall merely change my direction. He who walks before us is so great that we cannot lose Him from sight." It is no wonder that M. Barrès exclaims at this: "What a picture! It might have been created by a Michael Angelo."

It is the same with the Socialists. At the end of a little discourse on that spirit of Christianity which is common to Catholics and to Protestants, Albert Thierry suddenly declares: "All peace that is merely from without is of no value unless peace within reigns in each and every soul"—a thought not learned by study but by experience—one of the vital truths that come not with observation.

Here are the words of a young Traditionalist, one among many: "I have learned to love this French soil, these marvellous lands while tramping over them, these lands of ours; since the war, while on the march, I have felt the poetry of these boundless plains, which lie outstretched under the blazing sun, and the beauty of a sunset over the Lorraine woods. The thought is very precious to me that at least once in my life I have proved of some service. . . ." The ideal of unselfish service seen against the background of a Lorraine sunset through the eyes of one who adores the past!

In reality all these men live by the same spirit, and in their exalted moods express the same faith.

WAR LETTERS OF EDMOND GENET. Edited, with an introduction, by Grace Ellery Channing. Prefatory note by John Jay Chapman. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1918.

Edmond Charles Clinton Genet, great-great-grandson of Citizen Genet, ambassador of France to the United States in 1792, was the first American in the great war to give his life under the Stars and Stripes. He was barely twenty years old at the time of his death.

Perhaps no more intimate and self-revealing series of letters has ever been published than these of young Genet's. One feels a certain delicacy in reading them; not that they expose anything that ought to be concealed—for they do not—but simply because each of them is so obviously intended for but one reader and because one can see the young man's blush at the very thought of their appearing in print. Still, the utter naturalness of these letters, their very crudities—if one may use this term to describe the tender imperfections of an immature but gifted mind—are essential parts of the message that the boy has to give to us all. Singularly boyish he was to the very last, but with this boyishness was united a real greatness of soul, of which he himself was scarcely conscious. Affectionate, deeply religious, fond of music, sensitive despite great strength of will, he possessed a rich nature that seemed to be rather slowly unfolding. But his soul was the soul of a man, and, following its guidance, he made his short life perfect.

At the age of nine, Edmond Genet, without consulting any member of his family, wrote to the authorities at Washington for an outline of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the studies necessary to prepare for a career in the Navy. From the curriculum laid down in the letter he received in reply he firmly declined to depart. When Edmond was sixteen years old, his father died. His two elder brothers thereupon gave up Princeton and went to work in an automobile factory. The youngest member of the family, taking counsel with himself, as usual, got work to do before and after school in a dairy. In time he received the longed-for appointment permitting him to take the examinations for entrance to Annapolis. Failing in these, he enlisted in the Navy. On the battleship *Georgia* he went to Vera Cruz, where he was among the first to answer the call for volunteers to make up a dangerous landing party.

After his return to the United States young Genet deliberately deserted from the Navy. Considering his motive—a motive the sincerity of which he proved with his life—who can say that he did wrong? At all events the boy took upon himself that responsibility which only strong souls can safely bear, but which these *must* bear, and, disregarding the morality of society as expressed in law, acted upon his own inner moral sense. He secured a passport to France on the plea that he wished to look into some property interests of the family there. Immediately on his arrival, he enlisted in the Foreign Legion. After experiencing with the Legion fifteen months of hard service, which culminated in the great Champagne offensive, he was transferred to the aviation school, and ultimately became a member of the Lafayette Escadrille.

"If anything should happen to me over here," he wrote from France, "it would be so much easier to meet it if I knew I was O. K. with my own loved country. . . . The only thing which ever impressed me about the Burial Service is the question, 'O Death, where is thy sting?' I know now that it would hold its sting for me if I met it with that blot on my record." Throughout the letters two ideas recur with unmistakable depth of seriousness: anxiety for the removal of the one blot, and the thought that honor is a full compensation for loss of life.

Not length of days, not material accomplishment, nor intellectual fulfillment, but obedience to the will of God, brings life in a longer or shorter time to satisfying completion. That is what the young are teaching their elders in these days. Seldom can one see the wholly natural and the purely spiritual elements in human character so charmingly, so unaffectedly, mingled as in the letters of Genet. It is because of this that these letters teach with wonderful effectiveness the high lesson of faith that so many of us are now conscious of needing.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

OUR WAR WITH GERMANY

XVI

(*June* 6—*July* 5)

Several events in the fifteenth month of our war with Germany will always stand out in the record of this great conflict. The most conspicuous of all will be the world wide celebration of the 142nd birthday of the United States on July 4th. It was not merely a celebration by Americans temporarily resident in foreign lands. Literally all the Allied world and many of the neutral peoples joined in giving to our Independence Day the broader name of Liberty Day and in proclaiming it as in very truth a day of liberty to all the world and to all the inhabitants thereof.

First of all the great events that marked the wonderful celebration of that day was, as was most fitting and proper, a speech by the President of the United States. Standing at the tomb of George Washington, and surrounded by distinguished representatives of our Allies and by a great gathering of his own people, which included a special delegation of American citizens of foreign birth or foreign descent sprung from thirty-three different nations, Mr. Wilson proclaimed again the deathless purpose of this great free people to fight this war through to ultimate and complete victory.

"There can be but one issue," he said, "The settlement must be final. There can be no compromise. No half way decision would be tolerable. No half way decision is conceivable."

"We take our cue," the President declared, "from the men who gathered with Washington at that place and who were associated with him in the creation of the nation.

"We intend what they intended," he said. "We, here in America, believe our participation in this present war to be only the fruitage of what they planned. Our case differs from theirs only in this, that it is our inestimable privilege to concert with men out of every nation who shall make, not only the liberties of America secure, but the liberties of every other people as well. We are happy in the thought that we are permitted to do what they would have done had they been in our place. There must now be settled once for all what was settled for America in the great age upon whose inspirations we draw today."

And then the President stated again "The ends for which the associated peoples of the world are fighting and which must be conceded them before there can be peace." These are the specifications:

I. The destruction of every arbitrary power anywhere that can separately, secretly, and of its single choice disturb the peace of the world; or, if it cannot be presently destroyed, at the least its reduction to virtual impotence.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

II. The settlement of every question, whether of territory, of sovereignty, of economic arrangement, or of political relationship, upon the basis of the free acceptance of that settlement by the people immediately concerned, and not upon the basis of the material interest or advantage of any other nation or people which may desire a different settlement for the sake of its own exterior influence or mastery.

III. The consent of all nations to be governed in their conduct toward each other by the same principles of honor and of respect for the common law of civilized society that govern the individual citizens of all modern States in their relations with one another; to the end that all promises and covenants may be sacredly observed, no private plots or conspiracies hatched, no selfish injuries wrought with impunity, and a mutual trust established upon the handsome foundation of a mutual respect for right.

IV. The establishment of an organization of peace which shall make it certain that the combined power of free nations will check every invasion of right and serve to make peace and justice the more secure by affording a definite tribunal of opinion to which all must submit and by which every international readjustment that cannot be amicably agreed upon by the peoples directly concerned shall be sanctioned.

This was the climax of our day. While it was occurring in the serenity and quiet of Mount Vernon, the American people in cities and hamlets all over the United States were renewing their pledge of loyalty and devotion to the purpose the President expressed.

The sincerity of their pledge was proved by the work of their hands. The President's address followed the declaration of official statements making a most remarkable showing of war preparation and accomplishment. Beginning with the first minutes of the day, just after midnight, and keeping it up practically throughout the day, the ship yards of the country sent new vessels down the ways until the total launchings approached one hundred in number and some hundreds of thousands in tonnage. In most cases no sooner was a vessel off the ways than a new keel was laid. The great majority of the launchings were of cargo carriers, but some were of war vessels. One yard on the Pacific coast launched eight destroyers and immediately laid eight new keels in their places.

This production of ships kept pace with the forwarding of men to France. President Wilson made public on July 3rd a letter to him from Secretary Baker giving the embarkations month by month from 1917 up to July, 1918. It showed that in 1917 187,928 men were sent overseas. The embarkations for 1918 were: January, 46,766; February, 48,027; March, 83,811; April, 117,212; May, 244,345; June, 276,372. In addition 14,644 Marines had been sent over, making an aggregate of 1,019,115.

The publication of these figures added zest to the Liberty Day celebrations throughout the world. While all over the United States Americans, both native born and of foreign descent, were showing their enthusiasm and loyalty in parades and other ways, in England and the British colonies, in France, in Italy and in the Far East and in numerous South American countries, there were various functions in celebration of the day, which engaged the official participation of the leaders of the Allied nations. The British king and members of the British Government, the French President and members of the French Government took conspicuous part in the celebration. The day was a national holiday in Peru, Brazil and Uruguay. Chile joined in the celebration. There was a torchlight procession of troops in Algiers.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Italian cities vied with one another in showing good will toward America. Japan sent a new pledge of loyalty and her Ambassador declared the desire of the Japanese to " walk at our side in good fellowship down all the coming years."

Of special significance was the speech of Winston Churchill, the British Minister of Munitions, at the celebration in London:

> The war has become a conflict of Christian civilization with scientific barbarism . . . One system or the other must decisively prevail. Germany must be beaten; must know, must feel she is beaten. Her defeat must be expressed in terms of fact which will deter others from emulating her crimes, but the German people must have the assurance that we claim for ourselves no fundamental right which we are not willing in all circumstances to secure to them, whatever the extent of our victory.

Speaking at the French celebration in Paris Captain André Tardieu, the French High Commissioner to the United States, said that they were celebrating not only a Franco-American festival, but one of all the peoples allied in the defence of liberty. He said:

> In thirteen months the United States has increased her army from 200,000 to 2,500,000. Her merchant fleet has been increased from 2,000,000 to 5,000,000 tons, a figure which will be doubled next year. America, which never before lent money to foreign governments, has advanced more than 35,000,000,000 francs to her Allies and although she lived a century without a public debt, she now has contracted one of more than 60,000,000,000 francs in the defence of right. All that the war has demanded America has accepted; all that it has represented she has understood, and all that is required for victory she has given.

It was in this fifteenth month of our war with Germany that the American army may be said to have begun its active participation in the actual fighting and to have given conclusive demonstration of its real quality, as well as inspiring promise for its future performance. German officials who have been attempting to delude their people with the pleasing sneer about America's contribution of " military statistics," found in this month that statistics may represent a menace capable of deadly fulfillment.

When the month began the casualty lists published daily by the War Department at Washington showed a grand total of 6523, of whom 580 had been killed in action, 243 had died of wounds and 291 were lost at sea, 267 died of accident and 1128 died of disease. There had been 3624 wounded, 72 were known to have been captured and 235 were reported as missing.

The grand total issued from the same source on July 1st was 9131, showing that during the month 2608 casualties had been reported. The list of killed in action had grown to 1200. The number of those lost at sea remained stationary, which is one of the most significant developments. The number of those dead of wounds was 479 and of those who died of accident or other causes 465, in each case nearly double the report of June 1st. The number of deaths from disease had risen to 1287, an increase of only 159, a truly remarkable showing. The wounded had increased to 5024 and the number of those grouped under missing and prisoners was 385. Here again is an extremely significant showing. This was an increase of but 80 over the number of those captured and missing on June 1st. These are all army casual-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ties. In addition, the Marines report a total of 1152 killed, wounded and captured, but not so differentiated as to permit classification with the army lists, and probably not all suffered during the month.

Throughout this month our men, who are now holding 39 miles of front in France, have been in constant contact with German forces, and on eight or ten occasions this contact has reached the full proportions of battle. The Germans have had a thoroughgoing demonstration of the willingness and ability of the American troops to fight, for while they have been capturing 80 American prisoners, practically all of whom were taken in isolated raids, the Americans have brought back more than 2000 German prisoners, most of whom were taken by the vigor and swiftness of their battle action. These are very eloquent figures. They show that the prisoners our fighting men in France have taken from the enemy, number more than half as many as the total casualties the enemy was able to inflict upon our forces during the month, and it is the extreme of moderation to estimate that the prisoners taken from the enemy were only a small portion of their casualties. The American prisoners taken by the Germans were considerably less than three per cent of our casualties for the month, counting all our missing as prisoners. If the German casualties could be estimated on the same basis, it would be shown that our men had accounted for more than 66,000 of the enemy in that time. Such a result, however, is hardly credible. But it seems fair to conclude that one of three things must be true: either the Germans suffer proportionately with the Americans, in which event they had about 66,000 casualties as a result of their contact with the Americans in June, or, they are not as skillful and competent soldiers as the Americans, or, they do not have the high *esprit* that actuates our boys on the French front.

The American troops engaged include units of all our fighting forces, the Regular Army, the National Army, the National Guard, and the Marine Corps. Units composed of men raised under the selective draft have met the test with the same superb success achieved by men of all other units. They went through the heaviest artillery fire absolutely unshaken. They stood the most terrible poison gas attacks for two and a half days without faltering. All the fighting world, Allied and enemy, was watching this test and the performances of the American soldiers have aroused the utmost enthusiasm among our Allies, and won unstinted praise.

Just at the close of the month, on June 26th, an American attack between Torcy and Chateau Thierry utterly defeated a force of 1200 Germans, killing about 700 of them and capturing 350, of whom about 100 were wounded. They captured also fifty machine guns. The names of Chateau Thierry, Torcy, Bouresches, Belleau Wood and Veuilly will long stand out in the records of American participation in the war against Germany.

When this month opened, the German U-boats had just begun their long expected and long delayed raids on the American coast. They had come to visit terrorism upon us and to endeavor to interfere with the shipment of troops to France. They found, here and there, a comparatively unimportant victim. They sunk only a few small steamships, their principal prey being helpless schooners and other

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sailing vessels. The news of their operation off our coast evoked promptly from Washington an official declaration from Secretary Daniels to the effect that the U-boats would not be permitted to interfere with the transport of our men and war materials to Europe. On June 10th, Mr. Baker, Secretary of War, announced in Washington that more than 700,000 Americans had gone overseas. Five days later, General March, the Chief of Staff, stated that " we have now passed the 800,000 mark in troops shipped overseas." At the same time members of the War Council intimated that a million American troops would have sailed by July 1st. General Crowder, the Provost Marshal General, in charge of the selective draft, told the Senate Committee on Military Affairs that our army at home and overseas would number 3,000,000 by August 1st.

The second registration under the selective draft law had taken place on June 5th, the anniversary of the first registration, and 744,-865 young men who had become twenty-one within the year had enrolled for service under the draft law. This was about 250,000 fewer than had been estimated by the Census Bureau, but it was estimated by the army that at least 200,000 had volunteered in the army, navy and Marine Corps.

On June 20th President Wilson sent a letter to Senator Hitchcock, Chairman of the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations and an influential member of the Committee on Military Affairs, approving the proposal to authorize the formation of a Slavic legion for service in the United States Army, to be composed of volunteers, Slavs, Jugo-slavs, Czecho-slavs and Poles, resident in the United States but not subject to draft. It is estimated that there are from 300,000 to 500,000 men who may be enlisted in such a legion.

On June 22nd, General March announced that the number of men sent overseas exceeded 900,000. That was 100,000 in a week, and with the German submarines still operating on our coast. General March added that we are about five months ahead of our programme in sending men to Europe. Three days later Secretary Baker announced that General Pershing had in his command 612,000 fighting men, showing that the percentage of non-combatants and supply troops among our forces in France is not as large as had been reported, and as the Germans would like to have it. In view of these figures showing that 275,000 or more men had been shipped from the United States to Europe in thirty days, the fact that the number of those listed in our casualty statements as " lost at sea " remained stationary at 291, takes on exceptional significance.

The unanticipated rapidity with which the men were sent overseas during the month was accompanied by increasing anxiety in Congress to provide for the organization of much larger fighting forces. While the army appropriation bill was under consideration in the Senate, several amendments were proposed, designed to widen the age limits within which men would be subject to call under the selective draft law. The discussion finally narrowed down to a proposition to make the ages from 20 to 40 instead of from 21 to 31 as at present. It was especially urged, in favor of lowering the age to 20, that this would enable the calling and training of young men before they became of age, so that immediately on becoming 21 they would be ready to go

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

overseas. The Provost Marshal General favored this action. The Secretary of War and Chief of Staff, however, asked the Senate to postpone action until the fall when they promise to have complete information available, and to submit an enlarged army programme. The Senate acceded to this request. The draft lottery under the new registration was held on June 27th, fixing the time of calling up the new registrants for their army service. On June 24th the Senate ratified a treaty with Great Britain under which Americans in British territory and British in American territory may be conscripted under their respective army service laws.

While the War and Navy Departments were thus busy with this rapid transportation of men, Congress was occupying itself with various measures of military preparation. The Ways and Means Committee of the House worked all the month on the new tax bill, by which an effort will be made practically to double the amount raised by taxation this year. Three measures of extraordinary significance and importance to our war work were enacted: 1, The Sundry Civil bill which includes an appropriation of about a billion and three-quarters for the United States Shipping Board, covering the acquisition and equipment of shipbuilding plants, the construction of new ships, the housing and transportation of men and the operation of ships; 2, the Fortifications bill, carrying five billion five hundred million, almost wholly for artillery and ammunition; and 3, the army appropriation bill covering more than twelve billions. The chief items of the Army bill were for subsistence, equipment, transportation and pay for the men. Significant action was taken by the Senate in rejecting an amendment by Senator McCumber requiring the War Department to put 5,000,000 men in the field as soon as possible. The purpose of the Senate in defeating this amendment was to express its own agreement with President Wilson's pronouncement in favor of having no limit on the size of the army.

The sums carried in the fortifications bill cover every conceivable agency for armament, including the organization of a $40,000,000 ordnance plant near Pittsburgh, at which it is expected that production will not begin until the summer of 1919, and that maximum production will not be reached for another six months. Much of the expenditure authorized in addition to the money made immediately available, cannot be made under another three years, so the Allies are evidently providing against the continuation of the war until 1921. The bill was designed to give the American army superiority over the German army in the production of artillery and munitions and to provide a scientific armament for a modern army. The original estimates of the War Department were considerably larger than the amounts appropriated, but the Committee explained that it had "carefully scanned the estimates to determine how much could be spent in cash between now and the passage of the next bill next winter and how much could be made available in the form of contract obligations." The bill makes liberal allowances for developing facilities for increasing production and accelerating the manufacturing programme. The largest items are for mountain, field and siege cannon, $500,000,000 in cash and $729,731,295 in contract authorizations; for ammunition, $2,000,000,000 in cash and $1,793,734,550 additional in contract authorizations. This

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

covers provisions for three armies of 1,375,000 men each or 4,125,000 men in all. The big guns are to be of 10, 12 and 14 inch calibre with 16 inch mortars. In addition to these Congress passed a bill preparatory for the Fourth Liberty Loan, authorizing an additional bond issue of $8,000,000,000 and increasing the authorization for loans to our allies from $5,500,000,000 to $7,000,000,000.

The close of the fiscal year showed that the war had cost for the first year about $7,750,000,000, in addition to which the loans to the Allies exceeded $4,700,000,000, so that the total required during the year was more than $12,600,000,000.

While the War and the Navy Departments were speeding up with military preparation and the transportation of troops, the Shipping Board and shipbuilding yards of the country were displaying similar activity. On June 4th it was announced at Washington that the total construction for the first five months of the year was 170 ships, aggregating 1,112,897 tons dead weight. Special appeals were made by the Shipping Board to construction yards to accelerate work and to arrange for launchings on July 4th. The Board requested, however, that no ship be held back for launching on July 4th which could be added to the June output. On June 22nd it was announced at Washington that the ship yards under the control of the Emergency Fleet Corporation would launch on July 4th, 89 ships aggregating 439,886 dead weight tons. Before the month closed additional information received at Washington led the Shipping Board to expect that Independence Day launchings would number between 90 and 100. Statements issued toward the close of the month, giving the new tonnage delivered during May, showed that British and American construction together exceeded the total submarine sinkings. The total loss for May was 355,694 tons. American and British new construction actually delivered aggregate 372,608 tons. This was exclusive of new ships from Japan and some neutral tonnage secured. New construction will increase in tonnage every month for at least the remainder of this year, and may be expected hereafter to be considerably in excess of losses caused by submarines. In a public address on June 28th Chairman Hurley of the Shipping Board said: "How many ships are we going to build? We are going to build enough to beat Germany."

When the month closed the U-boats were apparently still endeavoring to operate on or within reach of the American coast, although their sphere of action had widened very greatly. The transport *Dwinsk,* returning from Europe without troops, was sunk 550 miles from Sandy Hook, and as this is written word comes of the sinking of a Belgian steamer 1,400 miles at sea. The Germans turned her crew adrift in small boats in the middle of the Atlantic. The same day word came of the torpedoing of a British hospital ship by a German submarine, and the loss of 234 lives. The Germans made the false plea that she carried American aviators, but shelled and sunk her without examination to prove or disprove their contention.

On June 20 our Navy Department offered a reward of $1,000 for information that would lead to the location of any German submarine base in American waters. The prize is open only to civilians, and is offered to stimulate their energies in making reports. Many reports have been received of the sinking of one or more German submarines

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in American waters. but the Navy Department does not credit them and has made no official announcement.

The failure of the U-boats to sink any American transports caused surprise in Germany. Berlin newspapers wondered why they heard nothing of such sinkings. They were apparently under instructions to prepare the German public for reports of American activities. General von Liebert, military critic of the Berlin *Tägliche Rundschau,* said: "America heretofore has threatened us only with military statistics, but now she appears herself on the battlefield. She has come out of the stage of preparation for war and entered that of actual fighting." Different correspondents report 500,000 Americans in France, but explain that only half that number are fighting men. No admission has yet been made of any American successes, although there were nine engagements worthy of notice during the month, in eight of which the Americans came off best.

During all the first half of the month the Germans, on the line from Soissons to Chateau Thierry hammered away in a hard effort to drive the French back toward Paris. With the exception of one small success, on the Matz river, they secured no gains, but were checked everywhere with very severe losses. They used up from 30 to 35 divisions, and gained at the most five miles, which was at only one point in the line. Just as the Germans were definitely stopped in their fourth great offensive of the year the Austrians took up the fighting and opened a great offensive along a 97 mile front from the Asiago plateau down the Piave river to the sea. This offensive had some success in its early stages, although from the beginning the Italian resistance showed that it was destined to failure. The Austrians crossed the Piave in two places and succeeded in making small advances into territory held by the Italians. British and French units fought with the Italians, especially in the mountain section. The Austrian effort ended in disaster. Their troops were thrown back across the river at all points, many of them having been penned up first, however, in front of the river which had been swollen by rains so that their recrossing was made exceptionally difficult. Their losses in this situation were exceedingly heavy. The Italians took about 40,000 prisoners, and estimated the total Austrian losses at more than 180,000. Rioting was reported from Vienna and Budapest, and the Austrian cabinet resigned. Food conditions were reported to be extremely severe. Strikes were reported, and mutiny among certain troops.

While the Italians were engaged in inflicting this disaster upon the Austrians, Dr. von Kuehlmann, the German Foreign Secretary, made a very extraordinary speech in the Reichstag. He indicated the probability of a long war and expressed the opinion that it would be ended by diplomatic negotiation rather than by military means. He hoped the Entente Powers would "approach us with peace offers which will correspond with the situation and satisfy Germany's vital needs." No pledge regarding Belgium would be given by Germany in advance, he said, without binding similarly Germany's enemies. Germany was not seeking world domination.

"We want for the German people," he said, "a strong independent existence within the boundaries drawn for us by history. We desire overseas possessions corresponding to our greatness and wealth;

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

freedom of the seas, carrying our trade to all parts of the world. These, in brief, are our roughly sketched aims, the realization of which is absolutely vital and necessary for Germany."

This speech, especially the admission that peace by force of arms was not to be had, aroused the fury of the Junkers, who were represented immediately as clamoring for Kuehlmann's head. Count von Hertling, the Chancellor, spoke the next day, June 25, in the Reichstag, and apparently sought to counteract his subordinate's speech. "I said the four points of President Wilson might possibly form the basis of a general peace," he said, referring to his previous speech. "No utterance whatever from President Wilson followed this, so there is no object in spinning any further the threads there started. There is still less object after statements made since that time, especially from America."

It has not yet appeared whether von Kuehlmann really made a blunder in his speech, or whether it was deliberately contrived for some domestic educational purpose. Certainly no sort of peace feeler from Germany is now attracting serious attention among the Entente.

On June 7 the Federal Grand Jury in New York returned indictments against two Germans and five accomplices, as spies. The two Germans were Lieutenant Commander Hermann Wessels, of the German navy, and Baroness Maria von Kretschmann, said to be a kinswoman of the Kaiser. Both are under arrest. Among the accomplices was Jeremiah O'Leary, the Irish revolutionist, who was at that time a fugitive from justice endeavoring to escape trial on another indictment. He has since been arrested on the Pacific coast and brought back to New York for trial on different charges, including conspiracy to involve Ireland in war against Great Britain and to destroy docks and war plants and materials in this country.

On June 17 Secretary Baker approved the sentences of a dozen drafted men who had refused duty on the ground that they were unwilling to fight against relatives in the German or Austrian army. The sentences ran from 18 months to 20 years imprisonment. "If after the war is over," said Mr. Baker, "some process can be found by which these entirely undesirable citizens can be returned to the lands of their preference it would be highly desirable. These men are full citizens of the United States and have equal rights and privileges with all other citizens. They also have equal responsibilities."

Throughout the month agitation of the question of intervention in Russia has kept up. President Wilson has caused a special inquiry to be made, and the opinions of men best informed on Russian conditions was sought. But the President's opposition to military intervention by the Allies was not removed. Toward the close of the month news dispatches from Washington indicated that the President was favorably disposed to the sending of an economic commission to Russia, to pave the way for the shipment of commercial goods and supplies there. At the same time news dispatches from Europe reported the Germans as robbing Russia at every possible point, and stripping all the territory where they can as they have done in Belgium and northern France.

[*This record is as of July 5 and is to be continued.*]

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

AMERICA'S UNGUARDED GATEWAY

SIR,—Take a map of the United States. Place your finger on the border between New Mexico and Mexico anywhere between El Paso and Columbus. Move the finger northward to the Rio Grande; follow the Rio Grande northward to Valencia County; swing eastward to the New Mexican Central Railway; continue northward to Santa Fe and westward to the Rio Grande; then along the Rio Grande to Colorado and eastward to Pueblo.

You have pointed out a route along which an invading army could pass unhindered, unresisted and not unwelcomed. Over nearly the entire route, the enemy would be acclaimed, fed, quartered, equipped and recruited. If of any strength, the invaders could pass deep into the heart of the United States.

South of the American-Mexican border, lives a race that is strange to us and little understood. It is of mixed blood, interbred, and physically and mentally degenerate. The average Mexican is burrow-like, stubborn, uncertain, ignorant and vindictive. Within his vestigial body blazes a hatred for the gringo and the gringo's country.

The Mexican has a few well defined ideas, chief among which is the conviction that Americans are too cowardly to fight. He has an intense disgust for the cowardly gringo and thirsts to spill gringo gore. He believes that the United States is about the size of the state of Tlaxcala and not half so important. He believes that Mexico, while blindfolded and hog-tied, could whip the United States. He believes that a Mexican army could run the President out of Washington and into Canada. He believes that a Mexican army could take the police of New York and make camp cooks of them. And above all, he believes that the Americans cannot, dare not, and will not fight.

His belief in these assumptions amounts to knowledge. The Mexican knows these things as assuredly as he knows that the world is flat, that humans are protected by gods and annoyed by witches and devils, that *frijoles* and *tortillas* are the staff of life, and that the *toro Americano* is like his gringo master and cannot be utilized in bull fights.

Happenings at Columbus, Juarez, Tampico and Parral confirmed these beliefs.

And, strange as these views may seem to us, the American's conceptions of the Mexican are as dioramic.

The Mexican is taught to remember the annexations of 1845 and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

1848, and he knows about the document of 1819, in which the gringo ceded away all his Louisiana Purchase rights to the territory forcibly retaken in 1845-8. The Mexican's thirst for revenge has been continually accentuated by contending aspirants for power within the Mexican borders. In his abysmal illiteracy, he is a straw, blowing whichever way the winds of schemers list. Mexico swarms with vicious pirates of the genus Villa, who lust for power and wealth and ease and women.

The size of the army that any terrestrial pirate can gather is limited principally by the pirate's access to gold and silver. If funds were supplied from any source—Germany, for instance—a large army could be quietly raised by any bandit and directed toward any goal for any purpose. The amount of hatred that could be instilled into such an army would be limited only by the volume of devil's Spanish in the bandit leader's vocabulary. A few German officers and some German gold effectively placed could assemble this army and start it northward.

New Mexico has a citizenship that is largely of Mexican origin. The people remain today practically as they were when the territory was annexed. The State has remained Mexican in every sense of the word. One may travel a hundred miles, pass through town after town and be unable to converse in any language save Spanish. There are whole districts without any English speaking persons, where the school boards and school teachers are unable to read, write, or speak English. All school teachers are compelled by the State to be examined in Spanish. The legislature is conducted in Spanish. The courts, State and Federal, are conducted in Spanish.

A foreign language is one of the most potent aids to the success of a conspiracy. By retaining Spanish as the language of the courts, schools, public gatherings, press, religion and politics, the Mexican population of New Mexico keeps itself Mexican. And it looks forward to the Mexican day when New Mexico will again take her rightful place as a state of Mexico.

There is, in the State of New Mexico, a powerful political secret organization that is known as the Penitentes, but which, within its windowless, countersign-entered *Moradas*, gives itself another name. The main object of this organization is to keep the State loyally Mexican, and success has hitherto crowned its efforts.

The Penitentes are a strange sect, practising weird religious rites, self-tortures, political oppressions and the elimination of enemies. The deserts are dotted with their calvary crosses at which human crucifixions are annually carried out, despite the efforts of the Government to prevent them. The Penitentes are secretive, and will stone any unfortunate American passer-by who chances to witness one of their devotional marches. Americans who learn too much and become talkative are found on the highways, their hearts decorated with neat perforations. It is whispered that no one can talk against the conditions of New Mexico and live.

The Federal and State courts obey the mandates of the Penitentes, and no Penitente is ever convicted in court, no matter what the evidence. The juries are composed mostly of Spanish speaking Penitentes, and if any juror votes for a verdict contrary to the instructions of this organization, he moves quickly—or forever after ceases to move.

On the statute books of New Mexico is a law passed expressly to

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

keep Americans from voicing any protest against the Penitente control. This law makes it a crime to speak or write anything, true or untrue, that tends to bring shame or ridicule upon the Penitente organization. The New Mexico laws are largely based on the old Spanish code, and in the lower courts an accused is presumed to be guilty till he proves his innocence. Americans tried by a Penitente jury for an offence against the Penitentes are likely to be held indefinitely in a filthy jail kept by a Penitente sheriff; some have been so held, without trial or attention, until they died.

A typical example of New Mexico trials is that of de Baca *et al.*, accused of liberating the Federal prisoner, Salazar. The Mexican general, Salazar, was arrested by the United States officials and lodged in the Albuquerque jail. He was released without the knowledge of the Federal officers. State Game Warden Trinidad C. de Baca, attorney Elfedo Baca, M. V. Vigil and others were arrested for conspiracy against the United States in releasing Salazar. Celestino Otero was the chief Government witness. Otero was promptly murdered by the organization. A Mexican jury was impaneled, and in spite of the absolute evidence of guilt and of the deliberate murder of the chief prosecuting witness, freedom was the verdict.

After Villa made his raid on Columbus, the Mexican population of the State openly boasted of what they intended to do. On the Denver and Rio Grande Railway trains between Alamosa, Colorado and Santa Fe, the natives made the male passengers hurrah for Villa and inflicted unprintable outrages upon the women passengers.

At Ortiz, Colorado, in May, 1916, an American named Porter, from Denver, was murdered by Mexicans, who boasted that they would have no gringos in Ortiz.

At Lamy, the railway station for the State capital, the Mexicans boasted of what they were going to do to the Americans, and the Americans moved.

For many years, the United States Government has handled the New Mexico situation with gloved hands. The Interior Department has allowed homestead sites where the land cannot be cultivated. These sites are used chiefly to obstruct roads and annoy the Forest Department and the real settlers. Congress has made many unjustifiable grants and has legalized the stealing of millions of feet of lumber from government land. The State is plastered with forged land grants and shadow titles. These fake grants have been enormously enlarged by renaming streams and mountains. The Maxwell Grant attempted to steal all the land from Texas to the Pacific, and nearly got away with it. Miles of fertile land are covered by sage, endless waterways are diverted, mining districts are idle, and the inflow of developing agencies is prevented.

The Mexicans in New Mexico have a ten thousand majority vote. The politicians play for this vote, and thus the Penitente influence reaches out and enters Congress and the departments. Elections in New Mexico are farces, and bribery is rampant.

As far north as Colorado, newspapers speak of Americans as "foreigners." A state of treason exists in this part of our country. New Mexico confidently expects to arise and join again the mother country, taking its place in the sun, among the children of the sun.

The native population awaits the hour to strike. When some German

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

emissary furnishes the money to some pirate in Mexico, that hour will be at hand.

KANSAS CITY, MO. HENRY WRAY.

THE BEST

SIR,—I have read THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW ever since you were its editor, and for a long time before you were its editor, for that matter, and in my judgment the last number, the issue of July, 1918, is the best NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW ever published, and, if you will permit me, I will tell you why.

In the first place the editorials are quite up to and I think a little above the high standard to which you have raised that department of the magazine. As a matter of fact I am free to confess that I have ever regarded your plea, however praisworthy in intent, for an elimination of partisan politics in the coming Congressional elections and for the duration of the war as a plea for a Utopian state of affairs quite unattainable. If anything were wanting to convince me of the correctness of this view of the matter, the responses which your admirable letter to the chairmen of the Republican and Democratic National Committees elicited would be quite sufficient. While the Republican chairmen met your suggestion of a conference with the view to cutting out politics during the war with a cordial acceptance, the Democratic chairman plainly side-stepped. And there you are. It simply can not be done and I never believed it could be, desirable as it plainly is.

But nevertheless, you have rendered a great service. You have brought both parties up to the scratch. We know where they stand, and as I happen to be a Republican I am glad to note that my party's position is the more commendable of the two.

Now that is one reason why the editorial department of the REVIEW is so satisfactory. But that is not all. I never read a more interesting historical document than the one you evolved from the striking text the French Ambassador furnished you—"The Three Yorktown Nations." Both that and the editorial entitled "The New Fourth of July" are sufficient in themselves to make the July REVIEW a publication to be filed away as a valuable permanent addition to any library.

And, in connection with the value of the number as a contribution to history, that correspondence, now first published, between Thomas Jefferson and Madame de Staël takes high rank. It lets new light in on nooks and corners of the history of the close of the eighteenth and the beginning of the nineteenth centuries, and right there let me ask if anything could be more applicable to our attitude towards Germany just prior to our declaration of war than these words of Jefferson in the letter he wrote to Madame de Staël under date of July 16, 1807?:

"We have borne patiently a great deal of wrong, on the consideration that if nations go to war for every degree of injury, there would never be peace on earth. But when patience has begotten false estimates of its motives, when wrongs are pressed because it is believed they will be borne, resistance becomes morality."

If there still remains anybody to ask why we went to war with Germany, would it be possible in general terms to give a more compre-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

hensively satisfactory answer than in the above words of the writer of our Declaration of Independence? Those Jefferson-de Staël letters, as well as the beautiful "Letters From A French Prisoner" are in themselves enough to give the July REVIEW a distinction of the highest order.

Another article of intense interest is the one by Mr. Randall on "Germany's Censorship and News Control." It is the first time I have seen anywhere presented a complete revelation of the absolute domination by the Hun military autocracy of the entire mechanism of public information within the German Empire.

But I started out merely to tell you why I thought the last REVIEW is the best number ever printed. I did not mean to run off into digressive discussions of the different articles between its covers. But the fact is every article is so full of meat, so suggestive of interesting lines of thought, that the temptation to wander off into these inclement paths is very strong. There is Mr. Low's stirring discussion of our war work as seen through an Englishman's eyes; that startling presentation of the orientally cruel tyranny that lurks under the smiling suavity of Austrian authority which the Duke Litta-Visconti-Arese presents in his vigorous article entitled "Delenda Est Austria"; Mr. Johnston's intimate familiarity with the forces rending distracted Russia which he reveals in his article, "Russia's Darkest Hour"; the instructive study of our food situation which Mr. Dickinson presents in "A Year of Food Administration"—but what's the use? There isn't an article in the magazine that would not in itself make memorable any issue of any publication.

So I will say again, and let it go at that, that the July number is the best number of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW ever published. Incidentally, it is the best single number of any periodical every published anywhere or at any time.

ST. LOUIS, MO., July 3, 1918. R. H. D.

LITERARY PRETENDERS AND A VERBAL PROSTITUTE

SIR,—As long ago as 1854 the word "meticulous" was marked with a disparagement in the dictionaries of the day. About eight years ago it was revived to use by a public orator much given to quest of the unusual. But *he* employed the word in its proper sense. Since then the wretched word has been snatched at by Tom, Dick and Harry of literary pretenders and newspaper small-fry, who have dragged it into service and done violence to its meaning. But imagine my surprise to find the horribly abused and prostituted word paraded in Mr. Gilman's pretentious review of Rebecca West's book, in the May number of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, and improperly. Meticulous means "timid, fearful, wanting courage to meet danger"; it *doesn't* mean what Mr. Gilman seems to think it does.

RAYNAL WOBERN.

NEW YORK CITY.

[We are dismayed to learn that our humble comments upon Miss Rebecca West's novel, *The Return of the Soldier,* should have struck anyone as being "pretentious." Our aim was merely to draw attention to what seemed to us a book of uncommon beauty and distinction. But our friend's essential charge is (1) that we used a "horribly abused and prostituted word," *meticulous,* and (2) that we used it improperly. Well,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

most words in our long-suffering language are both abused and prostituted; is that any reason why one should not try to use them considerately and with respect?—which brings us to the graver portion of our friend's accusation: namely, that we used *meticulous* in an improper sense. Let us see.

We were referring to the anxious attempts of Miss West's critical predecessors to "place" Henry James as an artist, and we wrote this:

"* * * disconcerted them by * * * selecting an entirely new and unprepared destination for him—one, to be sure, that was full of light and peace and beauty, but not at all in the location that had been so meticulously planned by the predecessors of Miss West."

Now "meticulous," says our friend, means "timid, fearful." We knew it did. It also means, according to the *Century*, the *Standard*, and *Webster's*, "over-careful".—"Timid", "fearful", "over-careful". That is what we meant. That is what we said.

We are honestly indebted to our friend. It is salutary for those who are trying to behave toward verbal prostitutes as if they were children of God to be reminded that the watchful eye of the Society for the Prevention of Literary Vice is sleeplessly upon them.

—L. G.]

THE KING'S ENGLISH AND UNCLE SAM'S

Sir,—In the January number of the Review Mr. C. Jefferson Weber talks interestingly of words, American in origin, introduced into our language, and of words from other sources now in use here which differentiate our speech from that of England. All true, and his instances are commonplace knowledge, but it is conceived that he entirely misrepresents the relation of English in the United States to English in England. It is not true that Americans "make vain pretensions to speaking English." Possibly it is true, as he says, that "all their peculiarities of speech, instead of being regarded by foreigners as picturesque idioms of the language, are discouraged in England and elsewhere by the application to them of the name 'Americanisms', or are recognized to provide amusement for those who speak the King's uncontaminated English." But such discouragement may be borne with great complacency, and any amusement furnished may perhaps be taken as appreciation at last in England of American humor. The number of persons, though, that speak "the King's uncontaminated English" is so very small that the triumph of amusing them would be trifling. Indeed, if there truly be any such one person in existence, he would be much more likely to make himself readily understood in Chelsea, Vermont, than he would at the Court of St. James.

The fact is, England has no more monopoly of the English language than it has of English common law. America has done much in the extension and development of that great body of legal principals, some of which developments have received British adoption. England also, in the mean time, has done much to enrich the growth of the great structure, and America has profited thereby. The English language has grown and will continue to grow here, and it has grown and will grow there. England has no monopoly even of the amusement derivable from the hearing of unfamiliar words or pronunciation when uttered by a stranger from overseas. In these times, of all others, let us pray that

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

with God's help the time may never come when Americans and Englishmen cannot take differences in good part, nor when their language shall cease to be common to them both.

MILTON, MASS. CHARLES J. HUBBARD.

BUNKUM

SIR,—Your editorial, "We Must Kill to Save," is far and away the sanest and sincerest article on the war I have read in any British or any other paper or magazine for a long, long while past. I do not know whether I am, like you, "a Democrat"; but I know I want intensely to make the world better for poor people, laboring people, "the masses"; and that I have come to hate privilege and every sort of oppression. But, like you, I have been utterly sickened by the flatulent declarations—sometimes merely thoughtless, sometimes hypocritical—that "this is a war to secure, Sir, the sacred tenets of Democracy," and so on, and so on. Charles Dickens, a man of the people, would have torn to tatters this bunkum by putting it in the mouth of Chadband, Pecksniff & Co.

We are out, as you say, just to save ourselves and our dear ones from the Devil—in the shape of Germany today.

We are out to administer a thrashing to the "Might Is Right" school: to safeguard small nations. Surely, that is good enough?

I am at work on a book on the war, the result of repeated visits to British as well as French and Italian fronts and bases. I intend to quote from this article of yours, because it refreshes me by its candor and truth.

I particularly resent—and suspect—the movement in this country of some people to "diplomatize" Turkey or Bulgaria out of the war by a separate peace. That means re-establishing the deviltries of Turkey in Armenia and elsewhere. Let us *fight* it out, not *dodge* it out.

LONDON, ENGLAND. D. F. H.

FROM A YOUNG PATRIOT

SIR,—Your stating in the editorial "We Must Kill to Save" that "we shall not give our men to be slaughtered nor our money to be wasted. We shall ask something more than praise from Europe or flamboyant statements of our own authorities telling of the wonderful things that are going to be done sometime in the future; always in the future but never in the present", and that there will be a demand "that faith be justified by works", has done much to strengthen my hope that the American people will not let rhetoric camouflage the truth, or "honeyed words" appease their righteous anger! Having recently attained my majority, I can not help but feel assured that any sacrifices I may have to make will net *my country* all that they may be worth, if the future attitude of the American people towards the conduct of the war will be what you have said in the above it would be.

Enclosed is my check, for which kindly continue my subscription to your monthly, which I hope will not be "outlawed" by our Postmaster-General or prohibited from camp should I be drafted.

TOLEDO, OHIO. HAROLD H. TORBET.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MODERN GERMANY PROPHESIED IN THE "REVIEW" THIRTY YEARS BEFORE THE WAR

SIR,—Modern Germany's vicious philosophy was forecast in an article by J. A. Jameson, entitled, "Is Our Civilization Perishable?" in THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW for March, 1884. On page 210 the writer says:

> Suppose a philosophic sect were to flood the world with principles cunningly devised to confound all moral distinctions, teaching that the end justifies the means; . . . that any act deemed necessary . . . is justifiable; . . . one hazards little in saying that such principles would be a menace to the existing civilization. . . . Imagine further . . . that such principles were formulated and by skilful teachers . . . thundered forth from pulpits and from the chairs of theological professors, with the assumed sanction of divine inspiration.

These words are now significant.

CEDAR FALLS, IOWA. G. W. SAMSON, JR.

BROAD, DEEP, HEARTENING

SIR,—The superlative Americanism of the editorial pages of the REVIEW is unsurpassed in any American publication, past or present. It is broad and deep and heartening, and we need it sorely in these troublous times. The justice and credit given to those leaders, political and otherwise, who have left so much to criticise and to disappoint, is not the least of its many high qualities. In this day of disputed fact and conflicting thought, THE REVIEW's editorial pages should be read in every American home. More wonderful things than this have happened: aren't the works of Colonel House already familiar to every American school boy?

SCRANTON, PA. FRANK E. DONNELLY.

DISCRIMINATIONS

SIR,—Your article, "We Must Kill to Save," is a masterly and wonderfully well directed blow in favor of our cause against Germany.

You have torn the mask from conceited asses. I wish every American citizen could read the article.

What I write is not from one who has always thought you right. You have often been wrong, and particularly in the rôle of "Warwick." I guess you understand.

NEW ORLEANS, LA. PAUL A. LIMPAYOC.

UNFINISHED BUSINESS

SIR,—I congratulate you on your article on killing Germans. That comes under the head of unfinished business, and must be attended to first. The Hun goose-steps with his head as well as his feet, and his mind is so different from the human mind that words are wasted on him. Keep up your good work. If your pen can wake this country up, it will be mightier than the Kaiser's sword.

PASADENA, CAL. LAWRENCE NEWMAN.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

GRATITUDE

SIR,—I desire to give expression to the great enjoyment which I get out of your monthly publication. There are some articles which have appeared during this year that I would like to see published in pamphlet form and distributed where it is believed they would do a great deal of good. There is no publication which I read with greater pleasure than I do your publication.

ST. LOUIS, MO. JOHN F. BETTS.

A SPIRITUAL HANDSHAKE

SIR,—I feel that no one should write as you have done in THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW without receiving a spiritual handshake of sympathy and accord from everyone in whose veins the life blood still runs red. What you are doing is needed, and if you will permit me to say so, you are doing it very well.

TOWSON, MD. T. SCOTT OFFUTT.

ESSENTIAL

SIR,—I have been receiving THE REVIEW for the last three years, and would not be without it for the sake of Colonel Harvey's articles alone, not to speak of its general excellence. It is with much pleasure, therefore, that I enclose my renewal subscription.

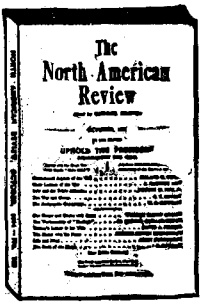
CHATHAM, ONT. J. SIMON.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

1918

September

One-Hundred-Fifth Year



Contents

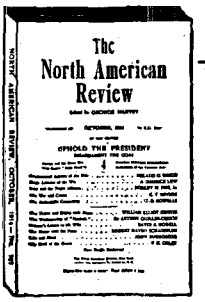
Vol. 208: No. 3

TAKE HEED, WASHINGTON!	The Editor	321
STRENGTHEN THE WALL	Myron T. Herrick	349
THE HOPE OF THE WORLD	Charles H. A. Wager	352
THE TRUE STORY OF THE JAMESON RAID AS RELATED TO ME BY JOHN HAYS HAMMOND	Alleyne Ireland	365
A PICTURE OF SOVIET RUSSIA	Charles Johnston	377
SOCIAL JUSTICE AND INTERSTATE COMMERCE	Frederick Green	387
INTERNATIONAL LEGISLATIVE REPRESENTATION	Paul Kester	401
THE 18TH CENTURY DIARY OF EZRA STILES	Charles Hopkins Clark	410
ART AND THE WAR	Allen Tucker	423
GOETHE: ANTI-PRUSSIAN	Edith Franklin Wyatt	427
THREE LOVE SONGS	Winifred Welles Conrad Aiken	435
THE ART OF JOSEPH CONRAD	J. M. Robertson	439
NEW BOOKS REVIEWED		454
OUR WAR WITH GERMANY—XVII		467
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR		474

The price of The North American Review, published monthly, is thirty-five cents a single copy, or four dollars a year, in the United States, Porto Rico, Cuba, and the Philippine Islands. Subscribers in Canada should add to the yearly subscription price 36c for postage, and those in foreign countries 96c. Remittances may be made by money order, bank check, draft, or registered letter. Renewal orders if sent in promptly insure no break in the receipt of copies

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, 171 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS NUMBER

MYRON T. HERRICK,

former Governor of Ohio, and ex-Ambassador to France, was at one time President of the American Bankers' Association, and has held that office in the Society for Savings of Cleveland since 1894. In addition to the many services which Mr. Herrick rendered his State, he was for some years member of the City Council of Cleveland. Princeton University conferred the degree of LL.D. upon him in June, 1915, in recognition of his work in France while ambassador.

CHARLES H. A. WAGER

has been Professor of English at Oberlin College since 1900. Yale gave him a Ph.D. degree in 1895, and his scholarship has won him numerous other distinctions.

JOHN HAYS HAMMOND,

President of the National League of Republican Clubs and late President of the American Institute of Mining Engineers, gained an international reputation as one of the four leaders in the reform movement in the Transvaal during 1895-1896. This hitherto unpublished story of the Jameson raid, as related by Mr. Hammond to Mr. Alleyne Ireland, the well-known English publicist, has already aroused keen interest among the readers of the REVIEW.

CHARLES JOHNSTON,

though now a citizen of the United States, has traveled extensively in Russia. His Russian connections (he is a brother-in-law of General Brusiloff) have given him exceptional opportunities for understanding conditions in that distracted country.

(*Continued on second page following*)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE ROMANCE OF VARNISH

FOURTH ARTICLE

Immediately after the Civil War the industries of the country expanded by leaps and bounds, and the uses for varnish multiplied. With increased production came improved methods, and later improved quality. The making of good varnish is quite as much a matter of painstaking care as it is of material. It took many years to learn that now well-known fact. In the rapid development of the business of the country, however, the question of how to make more, pressed harder than how to make better.

So our factory grew—everybody's factory grew—new buildings were erected and new stories added to old ones in a business that had never known but one story. To build a second story to a varnish factory in those days would have caused as much wonder as to build one now without a second story, or a third, or perhaps a fourth.

And then, one by one, the necessities for factory conveniences appeared, pumps and pipes, and filters, and great storage tanks without number, until the development in the larger factories seems complete.

Meanwhile the quality improved. How sadly it needed it. Varnish must do something more than shine. It was made paler and smoother, it dried with a finer surface and had a deeper brilliancy, and best of all it was made more durable. It became possible also to make varnish uniform. That is to say for some of us. And even with some of us this came later.

For years the "deviltries" of varnish gave us serious trouble. They were caused partly by the maker, partly by the user, and partly by the Devil. It would not dry hard for some reason, or it would dry too hard. It would pit or crawl, or enamel, or look like the devil and cause bad feeling and painful remarks. We published a substantial pamphlet on the subject, which we called the "Troubles of the Varnish Room", but "deviltries" is a better word, and its use became general.

In these days the maker and the user have grown more intelligent, and the devil has retired to the background. This came largely through the employment of the chemist. I remember very well how an English friend, a varnish maker, smiled when I told him we had employed a chemist. He said the best English makers had tried it only to find him useless. Varnish must be used with an understanding of conditions, but it can now be obtained—from not too many makers—of reliable uniform quality.

And system has become a part of the selling as well as the making. But that is quite another story from the making.

FRANKLIN MURPHY

Founder Murphy Varnish Company

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FREDERICK GREEN
is Professor of Law at the University of Illinois. He is the author of *Cases on Carriers,* and an authoritative contributor to the law reviews.

PAUL KESTER
is one of the most accomplished and versatile of American authors. As dramatist, novelist, poet, he is widely known. The tremendous questions posed by the war have lately turned him to the thoughtful consideration of international policies and problems.

CHARLES HOPKINS CLARK,
one of the most distinguished of American journalists, has been connected with the Hartford *Courant* for almost half a century, and has served as its Editor-in-Chief since 1890.

ALLEN TUCKER,
a prominent New York painter, was in France during 1915-16 with the American Ambulance at a base hospital, and later served with the Red Cross. His magazine articles on the War have attracted appreciative notice.

EDITH FRANKLIN WYATT,
a graduate of Bryn Mawr College, is among the ablest and most persuasive of American literary critics. She is a frequent contributor to the REVIEW and other magazines, and is the author of *True Love, Making Both Ends Meet, Great Companions,* and *The Wind in the Corn.*

WINIFRED WELLES
is a member of that younger company of American poets whose performances are claiming such lively interest at present. Her verse, which has appeared in various magazines of late years, including the REVIEW, has provoked admiration by its delicate intensity of mood, its rare sensibility, and its unfailing distinction.

J. M. ROBERTSON.
The Rt. Hon. John Mackinnon Robertson, P.C. 1915, M.P. (L.) Tyneside Division, Northumberland, since 1906, is one of the most eminent of contemporary English critics and publicists. As author and lecturer, his utterances on aesthetics and philosophy command exceptional respect. He has published a score of books, ranging in subject from *Montaigne and Shakespeare* to *Trade and the Tariffs.*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED